

SUMMARY

FORBIDDEN PLANET

No.1

(Script dated: 8-36-5<sup>1/4</sup>  
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Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

Total number of pages in script  
including revisions to date, and  
based on 63 lines per page.

107

9-8-5<sup>1/4</sup>

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# FORBIDDEN PLANET

Screen play by Cyril Hume

Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler

FORBIDDEN PLANET

FADE IN:

MAIN AND CREDIT TITLES SUPERIMPOSED ON THE  
BLACK OF OUTER SPACE-- pinpointed with  
piercing stars, enlivened with nebulae, scrawled  
across with cosmic dust. As TITLES END--

A Voice (o.s.)

In the final decade of the Twenty-first Century, men  
and women in chemically-fueled rocket ships landed  
on the moon. By 2200 A.D., with the perfecting of  
atomic propulsion, they had reached the other  
planets of our solar system. Due to galactic  
distances, the fixed limits to expansion now  
appeared to have been reached. But at this moment--

(as CAMERA BEGINS TO)

-- not for the first time in human history-- another  
ancient "absolute" of science was found to have been  
illusory. Almost at once there followed the  
discovery of quanto-gravitetic hyper-drive, through  
which the speed of light was first attained, and  
later greatly surpassed-- and so at last mankind, now  
banded together in a single federation, began the  
conquest and colonization of deep space.

ADVANCING CAMERA has by now PICKED UP  
(MINIATURE) A SPACE SHIP IN FLIGHT-- a  
relatively tiny object of polished metal.  
Shaped along the general lines of the  
planet Saturn, it hangs suspended before  
the infinite background, and seems hardly  
to move.

Voice (continuing o.s.)

United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, travelling at 16  
times the speed of light, and already more than  
a year out from Earth Base on a special mission  
to the Fourth World in The System of Alpha Aquilae,  
the great main-sequence star Altair.....

As CAMERA STOPS in an impressive FULL-SCREEN  
CLOSE SHOT (MINIATURE)-- THE SPACE SHIP--

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - "THE BRIDGE"

2

A compact dome, which is connected with the  
rest of the ship by an open spiral stairway,  
centrally placed, and with glimpses of the  
deck below.

At the marvellous control panel is COMMANDER ADAMS, exceptionally young for his rank, and accordingly inclined to be just a bit starchy. Beside him LT. FARMAN, his astrogator and second-in-command, is bent over the eye-pieces of a computer. Between the two men is a small luminous screen on which two straight lines are continually being brought to cross on a fixed dot; and flanking them are various visicreens and other instruments. Behind, is a communications compartment, where CHIEF QUINN, youthful and spectacled, is hastily locking up his banks of electronic gear. During the first speeches, LT. "DOC" OSTROW (a dozen years older than his Commanding Officer) enters up the spiral stairway with a hypodermic injection kit which he carries on a harness. As SCENE STARTS--

2  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams (to Farman)  
When do I get a D. C. fix, Jerry?

Farman  
Half a minute, Commander.

Adams (back to Quinn)  
Get your gear stowed, Chief. We drop back below light-speed soon as the Lieutenant is ready.

Quinn (plainly nervous)  
Yes, sir!

TRUCK IN as the Doc CROSSES, dabs Quinn's arm with alcohol in a routine manner.

Doc (kindly)  
Try to relax, Quinn.

Quinn (apologetic)  
Doctor, I still get the shakes every time we make the drop!

He winces sharply as the needle goes in.

Doc  
This'll take you through it.

During the following, the Doc CROSSES, injects Farman.

Adams  
Have all the crew had their shots?

Doc (holding)

2  
CONT'D  
(3)

Farman

Ship on course.

(winching at needle)

Will reach D.C. point at 1701-- less than three minutes now.

Adams

Take it away.

During the following, Farman punches out an elaborate combination on the controls. Simultaneously, Doc CROSSES to Adams, who gives no sign of feeling the needle at all.

Adams

How have the men stood the voyage?

Doc

About average. A few cases of space-blues-- a little epidemic of claustro during the seventh month. But nobody's had to have shock therapy except the Cook.

Adams

Yes, I could taste it in the chow.

Farman

D.C. set and punched on--

Adams (into inter-com)

Attention! Captain to crew: All hands square away to decel.

1FD. SHOT - MAIN DECK

Living-quarters, storage space, etc., arranged radially around central stairway. Low doorways to peripheral engine galleries, heavily fastened, and carrying warning signs. A crew of about a dozen men are rushing to batt'n down loose gear, and stop personal belongings. During the following, each steps into his individual deceleration capsule, made of transparent plastic, and equipped with clamps, buffers, grip-holds, etc.

3

Adams Voice (continuing on inter-com)

The ship's beeper will sound ten times as usual after lights dim.

Eosun (to crew)

Button in there, boys! Do you want to bounce through this one?

At the same moment, Quinn and the three officers slide in down the handrails of the spiral stair, fireman fashion. TRUCK IN as they go quickly into the officer's section, get into their own capsules.

3  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams

Your calculations had better not overshoot it this time, Lieutenant!

Farman (dryly)

I know. If we come out inside that star, you'll have me up on charges sure as--

The snapping shut of his capsule cuts the sentence off. PAN INTO FULL SHOT-- THE MAIN DECK. The ship's gong sounds. The lights slowly dim. As the ship's beeper sounds ten times at one second intervals, INTER CUT FLASH CLOSEUPS-- OFFICERS waiting tensely in their capsules with sweat on their faces. Suddenly, with a huge, shattering sound, the light jumps to violet. The ship begins to pitch and jar. The light brightens swiftly to blue, to green, to yellow, to orange, to pink, to red, to blazing scarlet. For a moment or two, everything appears to waver and change shape in a screaming climax of tortured molecules. Then abruptly, blackness and silence. -- Slowly the lights come on. The men unlatch their capsules, and step out, groggy and a little sick.

MED. SHOT - "THE BRIDGE"

4

As the officers climb up the spiral stair, the dome is now flooded with without their at first noticing it, weak sunshine.

Adams (checking speedometer)

Down to 38% of L.S.

(to Quinn)

How do you feel, Chief?

Quinn(putting glasses on)

I always feel great when it stops, sir.

Doc (groaning)

My poor old beat-up metabolism!

Farman (suddenly)

Look-- sunlight!

(as all crowd to forward scope)

Altair-- right on the nose!

Adams (almost genial)

Yes, if your military bearing was up to your astrogation, we'd have quite a ship here, Lieutenant.

Doc (shielding eyes, peering)

It seems a little brighter than our own sun.

Adams

And about ten percent smaller.

(to Farman)

All right, Jerry. Punch out an orbit on the fourth planet.

Farman (manipulating scopes)

Half a second till I locate it.

Adams

Try a point right azimuth.

Farman (amused, superior)

Right!?

(astonished as he finds it)

Oh, yeah-- there she is!

(weakly punching controls)

Ship in approach spiral. Helical vector orientated.

Adams (into intercom)

Captain to crew: Attention! Attention!

#### MEDIUM SHOT - THE MAIN DECK

5

As the big view-plate lights up, a number of crewmen gather, and begin talking in eager undertones. A planet is now visible, like a blue-green jewel, haloed with atmosphere.

Adams' Voice (continuing on intercom)

Our port of destination, Altair-4, is now visible on the ward room view-plate. As you will recall from your conditioning lectures, it is an earth-type planet. Twenty years ago the spacecraft Belerephon landed here with a prospecting party of men and women scientists. Since that time no word has come back. Our mission is to search for

Bosun (happily stretching)  
Ground-leave after 377 days!

5  
CONT'D  
(2)

LAP DISSOLVE:

MEDIUM SHOT - THE BRIDGE

6

The sunlight is stronger now. The mottled globe of Altair-4 fills the whole forward scope. Doc and Adams are peering at it. Farman is still at his eye-pieces.

Doc

The Good Lord makes some beautiful worlds!

Adams (to Farman)

How do those continents check with the old charts?

Farman

Tell you better in a few hours, Skipper.

(glancing up)

Time for brakes.

Adams

Take it away.

Farman (into inter-com)

Astrogator to crew: Stand by to change flux.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE MAIN DECK

7

The crewmen grab the nearest solid thing, and hang on. There is a sudden roar, and they all lurch. As the brakes quiet to a drone--

Tenth Crewman

That was Star-Boy at the controls sure enough!

Eleventh Crewman

Yeah! I hope the Skipper takes us in.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - WARD-ROCK VIEW-PLATE

8

A detailed section of Altair-4 is now visible, like a huge relief map. Dawn sweeps over seas and plains and mountains, until finally it is all in full daylight. During this PLATE BACK

Crewman Randall (mopping forehead)

Getting hot in here!

Crewman Lindstrom

Sure-- listen!

Above the drone of the brakes, there is now a steady, shrill hissing sound.

Crewman Moran

Air-- friction on the hull!

Crewman Nichols

(at a new sound)

Coolers just cut in.

Adams Voice

(on intercom)

Attention! Captain to crew: we are entering the atmosphere of Altair-4. No survival suits will be required upon landing. The oxygen content here is 4.7 richer than Earth standard, and the gravity only .897 g. As a result, you men may be feeling a little higher than usual during our stay here.

(a change of voice)

Now I know you've all been cooped up for over a year, and every one of you has done his job. But we're here on special patrol, and I'll have to hold you to strict discipline. That is all.

Identified by a white chef's cap, the Cook has come up into the doorway of his galley. He is distinctly of a lower type than the others.

Cook

What's the Old Man worryin' about discipline for! I've seen these so-called new worlds! No taverns, no dance halls-- no civilisation at all, not even a bingo parlor! Nothin' for a man to do but stand off and chuck rocks at a tin can-- and you bring your tin can.

Crewman Silvers (kidding)

Ah, go have yourself another shock treatment.

Cook (bristling)

Why, I just took that for the entertainment of it!

## MEDIUM SHOT - BRIDGE

9

Quinn is busy at his equipment, Farman is checking a set of old charts against the forward scope, and the Doc is peering through the built-in telescope.

Adams (to Quinn)

No radio signals at all?

Quinn

Not so far, sir.

Farman

These charts will do, Skipper.

Adams

Good.

(to Doc)

Well Doctor, what do you make of it?

Doc (shrugging)

Not a sign of artificial construction anywhere.

Quinn (suddenly)

Commander Adams! We're being radar-scanned!

All glance over. Adams crosses quickly.

Adams

Can you zero on it?

Quinn (a bit shaky)

No, sir. It-- it seems to emanate from an area about 20 miles square.

Poker-faced, Adams considers this for a moment, then flips the switch of the alarm beeper.

## MEDIUM SHOT - MAIN DECK

10

Crew rushing as the beeper sounds.

Bosun

Combat stations! This is no drill! Elastor crews man your scopes!

## MEDIUM SHOT - BRIDGE

11

Doc

Skipper, you don't really suppose it's the  
BELEERPHON survivors?

11  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams

Yes, that's what I suppose, but this could be Man's first contact with an alien race-- which might be why we haven't heard from BELEERPHON.

Farman

Should I break off approach?

Adams (quietly grim)

No, I don't think Base had that in mind when they sent the newest fighting ship in the service. Steady as you go, Lieutenant.

He switches the beeper off. Tense silence throughout the ship. FLASH TO BRIEF INDIVIDUAL CLOSEUPS-- crewmen at their posts-- gun-ports open, and gunners crouched at the aiming-scopes, etc.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE BE HIDE

12

The officers motionless and alert.

Quinn (suddenly)

Radio contact! Sir, there's a voice here!

Adams

Human?

Quinn

Sounds like.

Adams

Boost it.

Quinn makes an adjustment, and the voice comes through, deep and authoritative, but a little blurred with static.

Voice

-- space ship, identify yourself. You are being tracked.

Adams (into radio)

United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, J. J. Adams commanding. Who are you, please?

12  
CONT'D  
(2)

Voice

Morbius speaking.

Adams

Who?

Voice

Edward Morbius of the ELEFEPHON.

Adams (aside to Farman)

Check those ELEFEPHON rolls-- M-C-R-B-I-U-S.

Farman is already checking the list.

Farman

Here he is! Morbius E.-- Ph. D.-- expedition  
philologist.

Doc (puzzled)

Philologist?!

Voice

Cruiser! What is it you wish here!

The officers exchange looks.

Adams

(into radio)

You don't understand, sir. We're your relief--  
very glad to find you alive.

Voice (controlled impatience)

I, of course, appreciate your concern. However,  
I'm in no sort of difficulty. Your best procedure  
will be to turn back at once without landing.

They stare at each other again.

Farman (dryly)

The old red carpet treatment-- what?

Adams (quietly into radio)

Doctor Morbius, my orders are to survey the situation  
on Altair-4.

Voice (very arbitrary)

Let me repeat: Absolutely no assistance is required!

Adams (burned but quiet)

Sorry, sir.

Voice (snapping)

I warn you, Commander! If you set down on this  
planet, I cannot be responsible for the safety of  
your ship or your crew!

Adams (holding himself in)  
If you'll just supply me with landing coordinates--

12  
CONT'D  
(3)

Voice (resigned)  
Very well.-- You have standard charts?

Adams  
Yes, sir.

Voice  
You may come in at 83-17-4 North, 148-21 West.

Adams  
Thank you.

Farman has punched it out on the automatic computer.

Farman  
(checking screens)  
That's right back there in that desert.

Voice (suddenly)  
Commander! I urge you to reconsider! I strongly recommend--

Adams quietly switches the amplifier off.

Doc (frowning, pondering)  
Something fishy down there, Skipper?

Adams glances at him, but does not reply.

Adams (to Farman)  
I'll take her in.  
(into inter-com)  
Captain to crew: Stand by to reverse polarity.  
Standard Class A security will be maintained upon landing. Until further notice, officers and chiefs will wear side-arms at all times. That is all.

All have been fastening their safety belts.

Adams  
Artificial gravity off.

Farman  
Grav. off.

Adams (as both punch controls)  
Half-flux.

Farman  
Half-flux.

12  
CONT'D  
(4)

Adams

Cut primary coils.

Farran.

Primaries cut.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DAY - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE PROCESS)  
THE SPACE CRUISER DESCENDING TO THE ALTAIRIAN  
DESERT

13

with a strange, piercing electrical sound.  
The sky behind is a startling but beautiful  
chartreuse color.

FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACE CRUISER

14

hovering a few yards above the desert sand,  
its landing-ring glowing incandescent, and  
with great hairy bolts of vari-colored  
electricity spraying down from it, so that  
dust rises, thicker and thicker. --There  
is a change in the tearing sound. A shining  
metal cylinder slowly protrudes downward  
through the landing ring. Just as its base  
touches the sand, the sound of electrical  
power is cut abruptly, and the weight of  
the ship settles visibly on its central  
pedestal. At once evenly-spaced weights  
zip down from the outer rim, and the anchor  
cables are reeled taut. Then a hatch slides  
back under the rim on one side, and a slant-  
ing gangway is smoothly extruded. As it  
touches the ground, clicks into a flight  
of metal steps with a handrail--

MED. SHOT - THE GANGWAY

15

As the dust settles, the three officers  
come down alertly. All are now wearing  
their No. 1 uniforms, with sidearms.  
As they step to the sand, TUCK IN!

Doc (gazing in admiration)

Look at the color of that sky!

Farran (wistful for once)

I'll take blue.

Doc  
No, I think a man could get used to this,  
and grow to love it.

Adams (calling over shoulder)  
Bosun, you can unload the tractor.

Bosun (in background)  
Aye, aye, sir!

Farman  
Checked your command mike, Skipper?

Adams  
Good idea, Jerry.

He activates a miniature two-way radio in  
his collar insignia. (As will be revealed  
later its center is a tiny television camera  
which may be pulled out on a reeled cord.)

Adams  
Chief.

Quinn's Voice  
Sir?

Adams  
You're in command, Quinn. And stay right at  
those instruments.

Quinn's Voice  
Aye aye, sir.

Doc (suddenly pointing o.s.)  
What's this dust coming?

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE DESERT

16

A column of dust is rolling rapidly nearer.

THREE SHOT - THE OFFICERS WATCHING

17

Farman  
We're being met.

Adams (over shoulder)  
Hold the tractor, bosun.  
(peering o.s.)  
What's quite a vehicle, isn't it!

Farman  
And is that driver a wild man!

Adams (after a pause)

17

CONT'D  
(2)

What driver?

As they stand staring blankly, there is a long shriek of brakes o.s., dust blows through, and a three-wheeled, streamlined vehicle of shining metal skids to a stop in f.g. Rising in front is a rather pointed dome, partly transparent, with active electronic machinery visible inside, and studded elsewhere with various lights, gauges, gadgets, etc. Behind this, enclosed in transparent plastic wind-shielding is baggage space, and two fore-and-aft passenger seats, arranged something like an Irish jaunting car, and at present unoccupied.

Doc (stupidly)

It's empty!

But at this moment, the dome stirs, the forward streamlining opens, and a ponderous figure of metal and plastic stands up into full view.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

18

The three officers in f.g. with their backs toward CAMERA. As the ponderous figure steps down, and faces CAMERA, there is a shock: he has no face-- only a complicated arrangement of electronic gadgets which crackle and light up at unexpected moments. In spite of his dis-proportioned arms and legs, he only very roughly suggests the human shape. His hands are tools, and various spare parts (one of these actually a metal hand) are neatly clipped to his body, back and front. He is able to rotate the upper part of his dome, and so seems to "face" the person addressing him. Now confronting the three officers, the robot bows slightly, like a dignified and elderly family servant.

Robot (a grating monotone)

Welcome to Altair-4, gentlemen. I am to transport you to the residence.

Adams (getting hold of himself)

No offense, but you're a-- a robot, aren't you?

Robot

That is correct, sir. For your convenience, I am

The officers are still slightly embarrassed  
in this unfamiliar social situation.

18  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams

Great climate you have here--  
(big inhalation)  
--that high oxygen content!

Robot

I rarely use it myself, sir. It promotes rust.

Farman (on impulse)

Robby-- if you don't mind, which are you, male or  
female?

Robot (faintly chilly)

In my case, sir, the question is totally without  
meaning.

(holding jeep door)

Will you get in, gentlemen?

After a moment, they comply, and Robby  
goes round in front, sits down, engaging  
his rear end in the drive mechanism, and  
closes the streamlining about himself.

Adams (into command mike)

Okay, Quinn. Track this. And if I blink red--

Quinn's Voice (on command mike)

I'll bring the ship in a hurry, sir.

Robot (as all sit)

Passengers will please fasten their seat belts.

Doc (complying, amused)

He looks after us like a mother.

The words end in a grunt, as the jeep takes  
off with a tremendous lurch, proving that  
the seat belts are absolutely essential.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - THE JEEP

19

Speeding madly along the brink of a horrifying  
chasm comparable to the Grand Canyon. Doc and  
Farman are hanging on. With some difficulty  
Adams locates the rear seat 'phone.

Adams

For the love of Pete, Robby! Can't we keep it  
under ninety?

Robby's entire dome rotates through 180 degrees, so that he now faces them.

19  
CONT'D  
(2)

Robot (courteously)  
Have no apprehension, sir. My built-in reflexes are infallible.

Doc (screaming)  
At least look where you're going!

Robot  
Not necessary. I do everything by positronic transfiguration.

He winks several lights rapidly to prove it.

LAP DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE OF DR. MORBIUS

20

Not especially large, yet strange and impressive among its gardens of flowering trees and falling waters. All around it is a panorama of lush grandeur and beauty.

TRUCK IN as jeep enters f.g., rolls to a stop.

Robot (holding the door)  
If you gentlemen will go in, you're expected.

TRUCK the three forward in silence through a marvellously planted patio. A calling of birds around them, and a tinkling of water. -- Suddenly, at the far side, they see a tall figure waiting for them at the head of three steps. He is about fifty years old, lean and wide-shouldered, and dressed in worn coveralls. His iron-gray hair is hacked off at the nape of his neck, and his face is impressively lined. The direct, dark eyes are daunting with intelligence. He watches the three young men sternly as they approach. TRUCK IN with them. Instantly they come to a military half, facing him.

Morbius (unexpectedly)  
I am Morbius!

Adams (in acknowledgment)  
Commander Adams.  
(presenting others)  
Lt. Farman, my Executive. Lt. Ostrow, our Ship's Doctor.

Morbius regards them with a smile which is at once playful and chilling.

20  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morbius

How quaint and paradoxical are the whims of destiny! -- that I, a simple scholar, with no ambition beyond a modest measure of seclusion, should, out of a clear sky, find myself beset by an army of fellow creatures, all inflexibly bent upon being of service to me!

Adams' jaw-muscles knot, but he controls it.

Adams

If we're not welcome here-- sorry, sir, but we have our orders.

Morbius

But gentlemen! You must of course stay for lunch-- I insist upon it.

(an off-hand gesture)

Time enough for parting afterwards.

Adams (somewhat drily)

Thank you.

Morbius beckons. The others exchange slightly ironical glances, and follow. TRUCK them in through a patio, where a little fountain tinkles in a beautiful stone basin.

Adams (conversation)

We had a childish sort of idea that you might be glad to get news from home.

Morbius (stopping, quizzical)

Home, sir? Isn't a man's home where he hangs his intellect?

Adams (smiling faintly)

Or his uniform.

Doc (playing it along)

Any room in there for the human heart?

Farman (who feels left out)

What about the human stomach? I could eat.

All laugh, and Morbius leads the way indoors:

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS' LIVING ROOM -  
ROBEY'S HAND LIGHTING THE DOC'S CIGAR

21

by simply touching his fingertip to it.  
PULL BACK into GROUP SHOT-- THE TABLE, set  
in the dining area. A large, beautiful room,  
with a big window overlooking the terrace,  
with the lovely gardens dropping away below.  
Lunch is just over.

Doc (puffing, content)  
Finest cigar I've ever burned.

Farman  
And that lunch!-- whatever it was.

Morbius (quietly pleased)  
Simply some of Robby's synthetics.

Adams  
He's your cook to!?

Morbius  
Even manufactures the raw materials.  
(demonstrating Robby as they fail to  
follow)  
One introduces a sample of human food through  
this jaw-like aperture.  
(tapping Robby's metal abdomen)  
Now down about in here there's a small, built-in  
chemical laboratory where he analyzes it. Later  
he's able to reproduce identical molecules in  
any shape or quantity right in his own workshop.

Adams (admiring Robby)  
The housewife's dream! -- Can he mind the baby?

Morbius (chuckling)  
Almost anything! -- Plus absolute, selfless  
obedience.  
(to Robby)  
Activate the disposal unit.

Robby slides back a small panel in the wall,  
revealing a standing column of pale radiance,  
which seems to stir faintly. Morbius picks  
up one of the beautiful drinking glasses,  
and tosses it in, water and all-- it dis-  
appears soundlessly. They are impressed.

Doc (aside to Farman)  
Household disintegrator beam!

Morbius (to Robby)  
Put your arm in there.

As Robby moves to obey, the three officers

Morbius (to Robby-- just

in time)

Order cancelled.

(smiling at their relief)

Don't be misled by appearance, gentlemen.

Robby has no feelings whatever.

(aside to Robby)

Stilson wrench.

As Robby obediently detaches his own left hand, replaces it with the Stilson wrench attachment--

Morbius (continuing)

From the viewpoint of sheer engineering, he might better have been simply a sphere, with multiple appendages--

(twinkling)

-- but Man has a weakness for making things in his own image. In this case, there's even an automatic courtesy adjustment-- you'll notice how he invariably rotates his top section toward the person he addresses. Totally non-functional of course-- actually he sees, hears, feels, simultaneously in all directions.

Robby's left hand has now been replaced by the Stilson wrench.

Morbius

Handy, eh? And notice these other attachments-- forceps for fine work-- micrometers, calipers, box hook. Obviously his arm itself is the pinch-bar, his whole body the power-jack.

(complacently leaning back)

Tremendously strong too-- he could quite easily topple this house off its foundations.

Doc (rather sober)

In the wrong hands, mightn't a servant of this sort become a deadly weapon?

Morbius flashes a glance at him-- smiles.

Morbius

No, doctor, -- not even though I were "the mad scientist" of the tape-thriller-- because, you see, there happens to be a built-in safety factor.

(amused that they seem dubious)

May I borrow that formidable-looking side-arm, Commander?

Adams silently hands his blaster over to Morbius, who passes it to Robby. The other two officers do not like this very much.

Morbius

Robby, point this thing at that hibiscus out on  
the terrace.

(as Robby obeys)

Pull the trigger.

There is a roar and a streak of light, and the  
flowering bush has vanished, vaporized.

Morbius (to Robby)

You now understand the mechanism?

Robby

Yes, Morbius. A simple blaster.

Morbius

Very well. Point it at the Commander.

As Robby obeys, Farman and the Doc involun-  
tarily reach for their own weapons, but Adams  
checks them with a slight gesture. He sits  
looking steadily into the barrel of his own  
blaster. Morbius plainly respects this.

Morbius

Aim right between the eyes, Robby.

(as Robby obeys)

Fire!

Nothing happens. Robby stands rigid. Faint  
pops begin coming from inside him, electric  
shortings squirm over his whole body, and all  
his dials and gauges are violently agitated.

Morbius (chuckling)

You see? He's helpless-- locked in a sub-electronic  
dilemma between my direct order and his basic inhibi-  
tion against harming a rational being. If I let it  
go on, he'll blow every tube in his body.

(to Robby)

Cancelled.

Morbius returns Adams' blaster. Robby goes  
about his duties. All relax slowly.

Doc (deeply impressed)

How did you come by such a mechanism?

Morbius

Come by it? I tinkered Robby together myself  
during my first months here.

Farman (as all stare)

You built this thing?

21  
CONT'D  
(4)

Morbius (shrugging, losing

interest)

A useful enough gadget, but I've no time for  
such things nowadays.

Adams (frowning faintly)

But Dr. Morbius! You're a philologist-- an  
expert in words and languages, their origins,  
derivations, meanings--

(leaning toward him)

-- yet this robot of yours is far beyond the  
combined resources of all Earth's physical  
sciences!

Morbius has become guarded, like a man  
conscious of having made some sort of  
slip.

Morbius

Possibly you over-estimate both Robby and  
myself, Commander.

(rising, dismissing subject)

In any case, our coffee seems to be ready.

They follow him into the living-room, where  
Robby has arranged a coffee service on a  
table at the garden window. Unexpectedly  
Morbius stops at a wall switch.

Morbius (playfully)

Here-- let me show you another bit of parlor  
magic--

(throwing switch)

Frosto!

Instantly, heavy steel shutters clang  
down across all the doors and windows,  
leaving the room in darkness. When  
Morbius switches the lights on, all  
three officers have their blasters out,  
prepared for anything.

Morbius (ironically amused)

Oh please, gentlemen! I didn't mean to alarm  
you! Just a peaceful, harmless old recluse.

(reversing switch so that the shutters

roll up into their recesses again)

I had Robby install these steel shutters before  
I'd realized how altogether safe I am here.

They sit down at the window-table, and  
when Robby has poured their coffee, he  
leaves. The Doc's thoughts have been  
away somewhere.

Doc (unexpectedly)  
Dr. Morbius, I've noticed you have no screens  
in your windows.

(as Morbius stiffens slightly)  
Plenty of butterflies in the garden of course--  
(indicating table bouquet)

-- and here's a bee-- necessary to pollenate these  
extraordinary hybrid flowers that grow here.

(suddenly to others)  
But has either of you noticed a single fly or  
mosquito since we landed?

Farman

So what?

Doc (equivocal)  
In a sub-tropical climate? So nothing--  
(smiling into Morbius' face)  
-- unless our host has simply removed all native  
insect pests from the face of an entire planet!

Morbius (gloving slightly)  
I assure you, Doctor, that Altair-4 remains in all  
respects exactly as we first discovered it.

At once he recovers his surface good humor,  
but now he is blandly determined to get rid  
of them.

Morbius

Well, gentlemen, this has been very pleasant,  
but now your mission is complete: You've seen  
how I get on here-- pretty comfortably as a  
matter of fact! -- no hardships, no special  
difficulties, no need at all for any military  
assistance....and I dare say you're impatient  
to so report back to base.

He has risen in polite dismissal,  
and the others rise with him.

Adams

Not quite yes, I'm afraid, sir. We're still  
obliged to interview the other members of your  
party.

Morbius stares in sober astonishment.

Morbius

Others!? But there are no others!  
(nodding, as they react to the shock)  
Before the first year was out, they all-- every  
man and woman of them!-- succumbed to a.....a  
sort of planetary force here.

(eyes haggard and haunted)  
A dark, terrible, incomprehensible force,  
Commander! Only my wife and I were immune.

For a moment, the three officers exchange quick, suspicious glances.

21  
CONT'D  
(6)

Adams (carefully quiet)  
And how did you account for your immunity to this "planetary force", Dr. Morbius?

Morbius (troubledly)  
I wish I could answer scientifically, and without sounding fanciful. But as far as I was ever able to determine, my wife and I actually differed from the others only in our special love for this new world-- in our boundless longing to make a home here, far from the strife and scurry of humankind.

He turns, and stares out the window, and they all watch him, still dubious and suspicious.

Morbius  
I remember how when the vote was taken to return to Earth, she and I were utterly heart-broken.....

Doc (muttering to himself)  
An infection against which a specific emotion confers immunity!? That would be something new in psychosomatics!

During this, Farman has produced the BELEFEPHON rolls, and run quietly through them.

Farman (suddenly)  
Something funny here, Skipper. No record of any wife in these rolls.

Morbius (wearily impatient)  
Look under bio-chemistry, Lieutenant.  
(pointing out name on list)  
Here-- Julia Marsin.  
(turning away again)  
She and I were married by the BELEFEPHON commander during our voyage here. I have the certificate.

Now the three officers are uncertain again.  
The Doc relaxes, glances around the room.

Doc (smiling)  
Well, I thought Robby had managed some charming feminine touches here!  
(to Morbius)  
Mrs. Morbius isn't at home today?

Morbius stiffens. His lips tremble-- and set.

Morbius

My wife died some months after the others--  
although in her case it was a result of natural  
causes.

Doc (wretchedly)

I'm so very sorry!

Adams (startlingly brutal)

And what exactly were the symptoms of all those  
other deaths? -- the unnatural ones I mean!

Morbius (sober dignity)

The symptoms were striking, Commander: One by one--  
in spite of every precaution and safeguard-- my  
co-workers were torn literally limb from limb by  
some devilish thing we never managed even to  
glimpse! The EEIREFMON itself vaporized as  
the last three survivors attempted to take her  
off.

It hits them hard, but they are still  
uncertain how much of it to believe.

Adams (openly incredulous)

Yet in all those nineteen years you personally  
have never again been troubled by this-- planetary  
force?

Morbius (deep-voiced)  
Only in nightmares of those days.  
(murmuring to himself)  
Yet sometimes in my mind I feel the creature is  
still lurking somewhere close at hand, sly and  
irresistible, and only waiting to be reinvoked  
for murder.....

Suddenly he breaks off, his eyes fixed  
startledly on the inner doorway behind them.

Morbius

Altaira!

As they wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE THE  
DOORWAY. A girl stands there. She is  
about nineteen years old, dressed in a  
filmy and revealing sort of playsuit, with  
incredible gouts of rubies about her neck  
and wrists, and on her hair and sandals.

Morbius (frowning)

Alta, I specifically asked you not to join us  
at lunch!

She is uneasily conscious of the men  
looking at her, yet there is still con-  
siderable spoiled charm in her manner.

Alta

But lunch is over, father!

(CRASSING, ingratiating)

I'm sure you never said a word about my not  
coming in afterwards for coffee!

(taking his arm, looking up at him)

-- Well did you?

The three officers grin indulgently as  
Morbius puts his arm around her.

Morbius (resigned)

You young fellows will eventually discover that a  
man has never really been twisted around a woman's  
finger until he's had a daughter of his own to  
deal with.

(as all laugh-- she most of all)

Altaira, this is Commander Adams-- Dr. Ostrow--  
Lt. Farman.

The men murmur, "How do you do," and she  
beams at each of them.

Alta

I've always so wanted to meet a young man-- and now  
three of them all at once!

Doc (touched and tickled)  
Nothing kinder has been said to me in a generation.

21  
CONT'D  
(9)

Alta (rather surprised)  
But you're really quite beautiful!  
(beaming again)  
-- Of course the two end ones are simply lovely.

Farman (smoothly moving in)  
Can the one on this end get you some coffee?

Alta (surprised again)  
But I'm quite able to get it, thank you!

She moves briskly away o.s. toward the coffee table. Farman follows as though on a leash. The three others look after her-- especially Adams.

Morbius (proudly apologetic)  
You gentlemen must make allowances. My daughter has never known any human being except her old father.

Doc  
Hope you'll make allowances too, sir.  
(watching Adams sidelong)  
We "young men" have been shut away in hyperspace for over a year now, and the view from right here looks like Heaven.

TWO SHOT - AT COFFEE TABLE - FARMAN AND ALTA

22

The Lieutenant is doing his silky best to make an impression.

Farman  
Sugar?

Alta (laughing)  
But why do you keep helping me? After all you're Robby!

Farman (meaningly)  
Wouldn't mind being Robby in some ways-- that's just in some ways of course!

Alta (studying him sharply)  
I can see that was probably quite clever, but I didn't understand it.

Farman (a bit sheepish)  
And I haven't the nerve to explain it.

Alta  
Oh, I could see that much!

22  
CONT'D  
2

## GROUP SHOT - THE THREE OTHERS

23

Watching Alta o.s.

Morbius

I suppose one day I shall be obliged to take the child on a little trip to Earth-- for the sake of her natural development.

Doc (drily)

I should say fairly soon, too.

Ever since Morbius' speech, Adams has been staring at him almost indignantly.

Adams

Good Lord, Dr. Morbius! It's pretty clear you don't realize how things are back home nowadays! Why a girl like your daughter couldn't even get out of the spaceport before--

His words trail off as he notices the Doc watching him with a big twinkle.

Adams (coldly)

And what's so terribly funny, Dr. Ostrow?

Doc (hastily mastering a grin)

Nothing!-- nothing at all!

(to Morbius)

Our Commander is an idealist. Women scare the living daylights out of him.

## TWO SHOT - FARMAN AND ALTA

24

He is doing all right-- she is laughing.

Farman

Your father didn't seem too pleased at first about your meeting us.

Alta

Well naturally not!-- after all you're from Earth and everything.

Farman (blank)

So what's wrong with Earth?

24  
CUT'D  
(-)

Alta (very knowing)  
As if I didn't know!  
(beaming at him)

How lucky I am!-- all three of you being such  
really nice exceptions!

(as he still looks blank)  
Well, you are exceptions, aren't you?

Farman (suddenly catching on)  
Oh sure! Sure! -- That is, I am anyway. You know--  
good old harmless, half-witted Jerry.  
(with some reluctance)  
I guess you can trust the Doc too-- in the daytime.

Alta (after a pause)  
But what about the Commander?

Farman  
I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Alta--  
(lowering his voice)  
-- but that man is notorious throughout seven  
planetary systems!

Alta  
Oh dear-- and he's so terribly beautiful!  
(a large-eyed whisper)  
What does he do?

Farman (righteously clearing  
his throat)  
Naturally I'm not free to discuss the shortcomings  
of a brother officer--  
(lowering voice again)  
-- but any girl or woman that lets him get her  
alone anywhere ever for a micro-second-- !

He lets it hang there. Alta is now staring  
o.s. at Adams in total fascination.

Alta (a bit breathless)  
Oh yes-- I can see it now!  
(flinching slightly)  
There! when he looked at me! Why his eyes almost  
had fire in them!  
(absently squeezing Farman's hand)  
I'm so glad there isn't any fire in your eyes,  
Lieutenant.

Farman realizes he has doublecrossed himself.

Farman  
Hey! hold on now! I'm not as harmless as all  
that! I--

Alta!

Morbius (calling o.s.)

24  
CONT'D  
(3)

Alta (as CAMERA PANS INFO

FULL SHOT)

Yes, father?

Morbius (smiling faintly)

These two gentlemen have expressed a very kind concern for the amount of liberty you have here.

Alta (astonished)

Are they serious?

Morbius

Entirely. And I've just explained to them that you have my permission to visit Earth any time you choose.

Alta (half amused, half embarrassed)

But why should any sane person want to visit such a dreadful, nasty little planet as Earth!? I mean after all--!

The three officers have glanced sharply and thoughtfully at Morbius, and he cuts her off quickly.

Morbius

Then my girl never feels confined or lonely here?

Alta (real bewilderment)

But it's my home-- how could I! I've got you-- and Robby-- and all my friends!

Adams (as all react strongly)

Friends?

Morbius (faintly mocking)

I think perhaps you'd better call them, dear.

Alta .

Very well!

She jumps up, naively eager, walks quickly outdoors and o.s. As the others start to follow, Morbius checks them with a gesture. They all stand looking o.s. after Alta. Suddenly the Doc gives a muffled exclamation.

Doc

I felt something go right through my head!

Morbius (nodding o.s.)

Alta's whistle. It's above the pitch of human hearing-- hurts me too sometimes.

## EXT. HIGH ANG. FULL SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA

25

silently blowing a little golden whistle which she wears around her neck on a chain. Then, as she stands with her face and arms upraised, birds of all sorts and shapes and colors gather from all sides, and whirl about her, settling on her hands and shoulders with shrill cries. She feeds them out of a basket. TRUCK UP INTO MED. SHOT.

Alta (laughing)

Greedy! Stop crowding! There's enough for everybody.

(as a cockatoo pecks a parakeet)

Go way, you big, beaky brute!

(feeding parakeet on her finger)

There now! take your time, dear.

## MEDIUM SHOT - THE SOCRWAY - THE FOUR MEN

26

smiling as they watch her o.s. Adams' expression is especially fatuous.

Doc (quoting softly)

"et tristis animi levare curas!

Farman

What was that-- a prescription?

Morbius

Your Doctor was quoting an ancient Latin poet who once saw a young woman playing with a pet sparrow-- and envied the bird.

Farman (grinning)

You do pretty well yourself, sir.

Morbius (a shrug)

Dead languages are my stock-in-trade.

Adams (watching Alta and

birds o.s.)

If it can talk about that, it's not a dead language!

## MEDIUM SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA

27

All the birds scatter as two deer enter.

Alta

Hello, Rigel-- come, Capella.

(petting them, etc.)

Have you been good girls, or have you been butting

Alta (continued)  
I suppose you'll be going off with them again in  
a few weeks-- then you won't come when I call.

27  
CONT'D  
(2)

Unexpectedly, the deer raise their heads,  
listen, and suddenly bound away o.s.

MEDIUM SHOT - DOORWAY

28

Adams

What's up?

Morbius (pointing o.s.)

Look.

EXT. CLOSE SHOT - A CLUMP OF FLOWERING SHRUBS

29

After a moment, a tiger slouches out into the  
sunlight, striped and gorgeous.

MED. SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY

30

As the three officers grab their blasters.

Morbius (a quick warning)

No-- don't shoot! Watch.

MED. SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA AND THE TIGER

31

It is rubbing against her knees, and when she  
scratches it behind its jaw, it closes its  
eyes, and purrs harshly.

MEDIUM SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY

32

The three officers watching, open-mouthed.

Farman (relaxing)

Oh-- tame as a kitten.

Morbius (gravely)

Outside the range of my daughter's influence, that  
tiger is still a deadly wild beast.

Adams (almost in awe)

But how do you account for a power like that?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)  
How would you explain it, Doctor?

32  
CONT'D  
(2)

Doc (chuckling)  
Easy. It's the medieval myth of the Unicorn.

Adams  
I'm afraid myths aren't my "stock-in-trade."

Doc (as all still watch o.s.)  
The Unicorn was like a snow-white horse, with the legs of an antelope, and the tail of a lion, and a single straight horn which grew out of the center of its forehead. He was the wisest and most savage of all beasts, so that he could never be captured. But he had one great weakness--

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - CARDEN - ALTA  
AND THE TIGER

33

Doc (continuing o.s.)  
-- with all his soul the Unicorn worshipped purity. And when he met a maiden in the forest, he would go gently to her, and kneel before her--

GROUP SHOT - DOORWAY - THE THREE MEN

34

Doc (continuing)  
-- and then she would sit down, and take his fierce head in her lap, and lull him to sleep.

Morbius (cynically)  
And then the huntsmen would come, and trap him there.

Doc (eyes o.s.)  
I don't believe your daughter could betray even a unicorn, sir.

At this moment Adams' collar insignia buzzes.

Adams (as Morbius starts)  
Just a routine checkup from the ship.  
(answering)  
Yes, Chief?

Quinn's Voice  
Everything okay, Commander?

Adams  
No problems.

Quinn's Voice

Would you mind activating the viewer, sir?

Adams draws the miniature scope out on its cord, and swings it slowly around the room.

Adams

There you are, Chief-- I'm under no restraint at all.

Just as the little scope reaches the outer doorway, Alta re-enters, stands there, smiling. Quinn's low, appreciative wolf-whistle comes over the instrument from thirty miles away.

Adams (hastily disconnecting)

That will do, Quinn!

During this, Morbius has studied the three officers as they stand admiring Altaire. But the moment they notice him, he is smiling again.

Morbius

Well, gentlemen, anything I can do to be of help while you're here-- But now I suppose you're impatient to start home.

Adams (quietly)

Yes sir-- but we're forced to stay now.

Morbius (startled)

Eh?

Adams

I'm obliged to contact Base for new instructions. My old ones don't seem to cover those unexplained BELEFEPHON fatalities.

Morbius (controlled resentment)

I see! And suppose these "instructions" of yours require my return to Base for questioning?-- Two years and more away from my work here!-- I suppose our Earth-side bureaucrats would contemplate a use of force?

Forbidden Planet  
Adams

8-31-54 P.34

Adams (pleasantly non-committal)  
Let's hope that won't be necessary, sir.

34  
(CONT'D)  
(3)

Morbius is about to burst out at him-- but then suddenly he seems to grow anxious. He takes Adams by the arm, and walks him out alone onto the terrace. **TRUCK THEM IN TWO SHOT.**

Morbius  
Commander, exactly what is involved in your making contact with Earth-Base?

Adams (happily technical)  
Fundamentally it's a question of power--  $16 \times 365 \times 24 \times 60^2 \times 186000$  is the crude mathematics of it. Now a transmitter that'll short-circuit the continuum on that level isn't exactly standard equipment. We'll have to cannibalize about two-thirds of the ship's electronic gear to build one-- and then cut in the main pile to juice it.

(pondering)  
We carry the special spare parts, and everything's right there in Appendix F. of the Space Manual, but I've never heard of it being done operationally.

Morbius  
How long will you be disabled?

Adams (covertly alert)  
Just baking the adobe baffles to house the pile could take ten days or so.

Morbius (stepping, appalled)  
Ten days and nights?!

(very urgent)

Wouldn't two-inch lead shielding do as well?

Adams (laughing)  
Better-- if we happened to be carrying 500 square yards of the stuff.

Morbius

I'll have Robby run it off for you! It will be delivered not later than noon tomorrow.

Adams studies him for a moment.

Adams

That's very obliging of you, sir-- considering how you feel about our visit.

Morbius (staring at

him)

How I feel!?

He swings Adams about by the arm, and points down c.s. over the balustrade.

HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - LOWER TERRACE

35

A little cemetery of a dozen or so headstones, deeply overgrown with grass and flowers. One larger, whiter stone stands apart by itself.

Morbius (c.s.)

The BELEPERPHON party, Commander.

MEDIUM SHOT - UPPER TERRACE

36

Adams is looking thoughtfully at the cemetery.

Morbius (deadly

serious)

I dug those graves myself nineteen years ago, and I have, believe me, no wish to repeat the experience.

Adams studies him for a moment, is about to say something when the jeep draws up at the entrance steps in b.g., with Robby in front as before.

Adams

Well sir, there's your boy with the station  
wagon.

36

CONT'D  
(2)

(shaking hands)

Thanks for your courtesy and concern.

TRUCK them back to the steps, where they  
meet the others emerging from the house.

Farman (to Alta)

So long, Alta-- see you again maybe.

(affusively shaking Morbius' hand)

And thank you, sir.

Doc (also shaking hands)

Very pleasant lunch, Dr. Morbius.

Morbius (unexpectedly wistful)

To tell the truth, Doctor, I sometimes still miss  
the conversation of such men as yourself.

The Doc starts to speak, but then simply gives a smile and a friendly nod. Adams has been looking steadily at Alta. As their eyes meet, he turns, and leads the way down to the jeep. As Morbius stands looking after them, Alta comes up and takes his arm. In b.g. the officers get into the jeep, fasten their seat belts.

Farman (cheerfully)

Stand by to accelerate!

As they take off with a lurch in b.g., TRUCK UP into CLOSE SHOT MORBIUS thoughtfully looking after them. After a moment he glances down b.s. at his daughter. His expression sets slowly. PAN TO INCLUDE Alta's face as she too looks after the departing jeep. Without knowing it, she is smiling faintly, Morbius gravely studies her face.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - LONG SHOT (MINIATURE) - SPACE SHIP 37

starting on the desert, the stars behind it, and two spectacular moons. The spiral stairway is lighted, and two motionless sentries are on guard.

IMP DISSOLVE:

## INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - THE BRIDGE

38

The dock below is unlighted, and Adams and the Doc are quietly having a goodnight pipe.

Doc (after some moments)

You know, Skipper, there are still two or three questions I'd like to have answered.

Adams (pondering, puffing)

Yes-- her tiger for instance.

Doc looks startled for a moment then, hides a grin by pretending to relight his pipe.

Doc

Personally I still favor the medieval explanation.

Adams (faintly suspicious)

You mean it?

Doc (nodding)

Plenty of old superstitions have their roots in real science. Take alchemy-- the magical transmutation of baser metals into gold.

Adams

Just one of the by-products of atomic fission nowadays.

Doc

And nowadays every schoolboy can tell you that the brain sends out tiny electric impulses-- and of course the brain itself is monitored by the glandular system.

Adams (interested)

So?

Doc

So, Commander, you take an exceptionally fine human brain in a totally unawakened female body--

(leaning forward)

-- isn't it just conceivable that its quantum waves could set up some special and soothing resonance in the reflex patterns of a wild animal?

Adams sits puffing his pipe, fusing, with the usual severity gone from his face.

Adams

It will be quite a pity, won't it, when the time comes she has to lose a gift like that!

Doc (grave-- and moved)

I guess it will.

(watching Adams' face)

But every now and then even a very fine thing can be replaced by.....something still finer.

Adams

For instance?

Doc (reticently)

Love.

Adams thinks about it, with his expression unprecedently gentle. Then he stands up.

Adams

You're quite a heart specialist, Doc.

(knocking his pipe out)

Well, we have a big day tomorrow--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DAY - MED. SHOT - SHIP'S PEDESTAL

39

The ponderous housing is being opened by a "Hot Crew" in radiation armor. The bosun's face is visible in one of the helmets.

Bosun (through diaphragm)

Easy with that pile! Our magnetron coils aren't going to take us home without a core unit!

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Adams. Simultaneously the cook CROSSES diagonally through b.g.

Adams

Out of there, Cook! That whole area's hot!

Cook (tremendously military)

Aye aye, sir, Commander! Sorry sir!

As he scuttles o.s., looking somehow furtive--

Doc (entering)

Back up yourself, Skipper.

(extending his pocket geiger)

Look at that!

The counter is clicking rapidly. PAN them away together. After a few yards they meet Robby, carrying a huge stack of metal slabs which he balances one-handed like a waiter.

Robby

Where do you wish the shielding stacked, sir?

Adams

Right by the core there.

(twinkling slightly)

I expect you're immune to radiation burns.

The Doc has been staring at Robby's lead.

39  
CONT'D  
(2)

Doc

Wait a minute! That's solid lead he's holding.

Robby (a bit patronizing)  
Common lead would have crushed the jeep, sir.  
This is my morning's run of isotope 217--  
(moving o.s.)

-- the whole thing hardly comes to thirty tons.

On the point of speaking, the Doc notices  
that Adams' eyes are fixed o.s. PAN INTO  
LONG SHOT THE JEEP parked in b.g. Alta is  
rather hesitantly getting out as Farman  
hurries toward her.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

40

Farman

Alta! Does your father know you're out?

Alta (mischievous)  
He did tell me not to go near the ship-- but  
of course this isn't very near.

At the same moment she catches sight of Adams  
o.s., reacts visibly.

Farman (hastily taking her arm)  
Well, let's stay on the right side of the law.  
(starting to draw her away)  
There's the prettiest clump of palm trees right  
around the corner of that sand dune.

Alta (eyes on Adams o.s.)  
But Lieutenant, I've seen palm trees.

Farman (firmly)  
Not my palm trees you haven't!

MEDIUM SHOT - ADAMS AND DOC

41

Adams is openly glowering. The Doc represses  
a grin, and prudently withdraws. Just as  
Adams starts after Farman and Alta, Quinn  
comes down INTO THE SHOT along the ramp in b.g.

Quinn

Excuse me, Commander--

Adams (reluctantly stopping)  
What is it, Chief?

Quinn (nodding toward ship)  
If you'd like to check my first assembly of the monitoring unit for the transmitter?

41  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams (eyes still o.s.)  
Already? That's great.

Still looking o.s., he starts up the spiral stair. BOOM him and Quinn slowly together. On the ground below, in b.g., there is a considerable assortment of electrical equipment, with a small crew lining it up.

Adams (wincing slightly)  
Aren't those the condensers out of my accelerator circuits?

Quinn (cheerful)  
Yes sir. And I borrowed the solenoids from the gyro-stabilizers.

Adams winces again, enters ship with Quinn.

#### MEDIUM PAN SHOT - DOC

42

glancing o.s. after Adams, and then in the direction where Farnay and Alta have disappeared. He looks amused but worried. After a few steps, he bumps into Robby who stands motionless. A small radar antenna has come up out of Robby's dome, and is slowly rotating.

Doc (insinuatingly).  
Well Robby, scanning for your young lady?

Robby  
Just located her, sir.  
(moving o.s.)  
Pardon me.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

#### INT. MED. SHOT - COMMUNICATIONS COMPARTMENT

43

Quinn and Adams inspecting a small but impressive assembly of electronic equipment, fastened to an aluminum chassis.

Quinn (the enthusiast)  
Is that beautiful, sir!? Any quantum mechanic in the service would give the rest of his life for a chance to play with this gadget!

Suddenly Adams CROSSES to the stair, but  
then stops a short way down.

43  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams (indicating monitor)  
Better leave it in here till we're ready to transmit  
tomorrow. Wouldn't do for some fool to fall into  
it out there in the dark.

Quinn shudders at the mere thought. As Adams  
disappears down the stair--

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CLOSE PAN SHOT - THE ROBOT

44

Moving through sand and scrub. Suddenly  
there is a hiss o.s. He stops, looks.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE COOK

45

lurking behind a clump of scrub growth.

Cook (cautiously beckoning)  
Pssst! Over here! Just a second-- Will you?

Robby (entering SHOT)  
Can I be of service, sir?

The cook hastily draws him in out of sight.

Cook (patronizing the "native")  
Never mind the "sir", Mister. But I'm a stranger  
on this so-called planet.

(lowering his voice)  
I was just wonderin' if you could tip me off to  
where a guy can get home of some of the real stuff.

Robby

Real stuff?

Cook (righteous)  
Just for cookin' purposes, y'understand-- I take  
a big pride in my dooties.

Robby

Pardon me, sir-- stuff?

Cook (producing a small flask)  
Oh. Here-- just about one jolt left-- genuine  
Kansas City bourbon!

Robby takes the flask, removes the top-- and  
tilts the whiskey into himself.

Cook (pop-eyed) 45  
 Why, you low-livin' contraption! Hawgin' down a CONT'D  
 man's last drink on him! (2)

Robby (severely)  
 Quiet please. I am analyzing.  
 (a loud, chemical burp)  
 Hm. Relatively simple alcohol molecules.  
 (to cook)  
 Would fifty or sixty gallons be sufficient?

Cook (dazed with glory)

Gallons? (then hastily covering up)  
 Yeah. Sure. Sixty or seventy gallons ought to  
 about do it for now.  
 (grabbing Robby's arm)  
 Of course this is strictly confidential between us,  
 y'understand! I-- I--

His words trail off. He stands contemplating  
 an idea which seems too beautiful to be possible.

Robby  
 Sir?

Cook (hoarse with hope)  
 Well the fact is, I-- I was just sort of wonderin' if  
 you could maybe see your way clear to puttin' me  
 next to-- to, well, a little female companionship.  
 (anxiously)  
 Y'understand what a female is, don't you?

Robby  
 Perfectly, sir.  
 (looking him over)  
 How many will you be needing?

Cook (scandalized)  
 Now wait a minute, Mister! I'm just a plain guy, and  
 one at a time is plenty!

Robby (reflecting)  
 Would tomorrow do?

Cook (excitedly pointing a.s.)  
 Yeah! Right over in behind them bushes.  
 (showing wristwatch)  
 At 1700 on the nose!

Robby  
 On the nose, sir. Thank you, sir.

Dook (tears in his eyes) 45

Mister, I've been from here to there in this galaxy, CON'T'D  
and I want to say that you're the most understandin' (3)  
soul I ever met up with!

(extending his hand)

Press flesh!He is disconcerted to find himself grasping  
the business-end of a heavy metal-cutter.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - A DENSE CLUMP OF PALM TREES 46

overhanging a little gulley.

Alta's Voice (clear and  
reasonable)

But why should people want to kiss each other?

TRUCK in through trees, to REVEIL Farman and  
Alta facing each other.

Farman (a bit breathless)

Just an old custom! All the really high civilizations  
always go in for it.

Alta

But it's silly!

Farman

Good for a person though-- stimulates the whole  
system. Nobody can be in tip-top health without.

Alta (impressed)

Really? I didn't know that!

Farman (clearing his throat)

I-- I'd be happy to show you--

Alta

Thank you very much, Lieutenant.

Farman

Please don't mention it.

He kisses her firmly. When it is over, she  
stands looking at him blankly.

Alta

Is that all there is to it?

Farman (kissing her again)  
You have to sort of stick with it.  
(leaning back to observe the effect)  
Hm?

Alta (still dubious)  
Just one more-- would you mind?

Farman (hoarsely)  
Not at all.

He kisses her again-- very firmly indeed.

Alta (beginning to worry)  
Well, maybe there must be something the matter  
with me, because honestly I don't notice the  
least bit of stim--

(breaking off with a knowing laugh)  
Oh! You've just been teasing me about the  
whole thing!

Farman's jaw sets. Rather grimly he tosses  
his hat down on the sand.

Farman (taking her in his arms)  
Let's do this right, honey.

He gives her a long, earnest, and expert kiss.  
At the end of it there is still no reaction.

Farman (plaintively)  
Look! Am I getting the same treatment you gave  
that dumb unicorn?

Suddenly Alta starts slightly, with her eyes  
fixed o.s. PLAN TO INCLUDE Adams, standing  
two or three yards away, with his hands  
clasped behind him, his chin down, and blood  
in his eye.

Adams (with frightful quiet)  
Lt. Farman.

Farman (sheepish)  
Sir?

Adams  
Is this the way you carry out your duties?

Farman  
Well, sir--

Adams  
Silence! -- Is this the way you reflect honor  
and credit on the uniform?

Farman

Now look, Skipper-- !

Adams

Silence! For old times sake, Lieutenant,  
I am trying to keep myself from holding a  
court-martial on you!

(before Farman can speak)

Button your shirt!

(as Farman does)

Put on your hat!

(as Farman does this too)

Now-- dismissed!Both men salute each other viciously,  
and Adams watches Farman march all  
the way o.s. Then he wheels on  
Alta so unexpectedly that she flinches.

Adams (exploding)

As for you, look at you!

(examining her costume in bug-  
eyed detail)What did you expect anyway! Displaying  
yourself like that in front of a drooling  
space-wolf like Farman! For Pete's sake,  
woman, get home, and put on something  
decent!Alta is stunned for a moment. She  
looks down incredulously at her own  
loveliness-- and is simply furious.

Alta

What are you shouting about! What's the  
matter with my clothes anyway?-- I thought  
them up myself! And stop looking at me  
like that-- I don't like it!

Adams (very bitter)

Ha.

Alta

What do you mean-- ha?

(placating)

After all, Commander, the Lieutenant and I  
were simply trying to get a little healthy  
stimulation from each other.Adams stiffens for a moment, and shudders  
strickenly, with his eyes closed. But  
then he clasps his hands behind him, and  
begins pacing up and down before her,  
burning-eyed. Now Alta somehow begins  
to sense what it is all about, and in-  
stinctively clutches at herself wherever  
the eyes tend to light.

Adams

So easy for you, isn't it! No emotions-- no feelings at all nothing that human would ever even enter your mind. But I happen to be--

(stopping so close that she flinches)

-- in command of a bunch of thugs that have been in hyper-space for three hundred and seventy-eight days! And nothing to keep them in line with--

(furiously slapping his blaster)

-- except an ordinary G.I. blaster! Why, it would serve you right if I--

(breaking off with a rasp)

Go on-- take off before I run you out of the area under guard. --And I'll put some more guards on the guards!

Alta is sputtering in fury. She stamps with both feet, bursts into tears, and runs sobbing o.s. Adams stands scowling after her. He now hates himself. He kicks the sand sulkily.

DISSOLVE:

INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS LIVING ROOM 47

Morbius sits in the armchair, very much the bewildered father, as his daughter paces up and down in a beceming temper.

Alta

I just hate him is all! I hate him! I'd like to scratch him terribly! The way he kept looking at me! He-- he shuttled!

Morbius

But what about?

Alta

I-- I don't know really-- It was awful. I was simply trying to show a little common politeness to the Lieutenant--

Morbius (sitting up--  
alert)

Oh? What did the Commander say?

47  
CONT'D  
(2)

Alta

Well, he-- he kept looking at me like that, and he was simply furious. He seemed to think all that information about biology had something to do with me!-- personally I mean! Honestly, I've never been so nervous in my whole life!

(nervous explosion)

I never want to see him again if I live to be four million!

Morbius (secretly relieved)

I dare say you won't need to.

(rising)

Best thing you can do is go to bed.

Kissing her forehead)

I still have a little work in my study.  
Good night, my dear.

Alta

Good night, Daddy.

Morbius (as she leaves)

You'll feel better in the morning.

Alta (over her shoulder)

Well, I certainly hope so!-- if I manage to get to sleep, that is!

Morbius looks after her thoughtfully, shrugs, CROSSES to his study door, and opens it. There is a glimpse inside of unpretentious bookshelves, filing cabinets, etc. No windows, and no other door. There is no apparent reason for the secret joy on Morbius' face as he closes the door after him.

DISSOLVE:

MEDIUM SHOT - ALTA'S BEDROOM

48

Simple but beautiful. Alta stands, violently jerking the bell-pull. After several moments Robby comes quietly in.

Alta

Where have you been!? I've run and rung.

Robby

Sorry, Miss. I was giving myself an oil job.

Alta (sympathetic)

Oh dear! The same old trouble?

Robby (his hand on the small of his own back)  
That unfortunate cloudburst last autumn.

48  
CONT'D  
(2)

Alta (hugging him)  
Dear old Robby. You've been so kind and patient ever since I was a baby.

Robby (dryly)  
And what is it you require this time, Miss Alta?

Alta  
Robby, I've got to have a new dress right away!

Robby (glancing at full  
wardrobe)  
Another?

Alta  
But this one has to be different-- absolutely nothing must show above, below, or through

Robby (mentally groping)  
Radiation-proof?

Alta  
Just eye-proof will do.

Robby  
Thick and heavy.

Alta  
Oh no no! It must be the loveliest, softest thing you've ever made me!

(Illustrating excitedly at mirror)  
I want it to hang just so to about here, and fit perfectly in all the right places--

(happily)  
-- with lots and lots of star-sapphires!

Robby  
We're fresh out of star-sapphires. Would emeralds do?

Alta (martyred tones)  
Well, if they're big enough.

Robby  
Five, ten, and fifteen carats. I'll run the dress up for you in time for breakfast, Miss.

He patiently endures Alta's impulsive hug.

Robby (leaving)  
Sleep well, Miss.

Alta (calling after him)  
Thanks!-- but I don't really care now whether  
I do or not!

18  
CONT'D  
(3)

Smiling, she begins to undress, then stops,  
thoughtfully switches the lights off. PLAYS  
her over to the open window. She stands  
looking out into the distance.

LAP DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - THE SPACE SHIP

49

Recognition lights on. In b.g. sky, the  
two moons shine in different relationship.  
Two sentries flank the foot of the flood-  
lighted spiral stair-- The open half of the  
pile housing is now enclosed with the lead  
shielding. Presently (not exactly s.s.)  
there is a SOUND OF MEASURED BREATHING,  
quiet, and deep, and massive. As CAMERA  
unhurriedly TRUCKS IN, the breathing  
accompanies it, almost as though the CAMERA  
were the Breather itself. As ADVANCING  
CAMERA nears the sentries--

Crewman Strong (quietly)  
Funny to see two moons in the sky.

Crewman Grey  
Funny how quick we get used to it.

Crewman Strong  
Yeah.

Crewman Grey has begun turning his head  
slowly from side to side as CAMERA approaches  
him.

Crewman Grey  
Joe.

Crewman Strong  
Yeah?

Crewman Grey  
Do you hear something?

Crewman Strong  
Like what?

Crewman Grey (puzzledly, as  
CAMERA and breathing pass BETWEEN them)  
Like a sort of big-- breathing.

9-1-54

P.50

Crewman Grey (as CAMERA

LEAVES then behind)

49

CONT'D

(2)

Funny. I did.

CAMERA and breathing TRUCK FORWARD up the spiral stair, which rings and vibrates slightly as though under some great weight. As the breathing ENTERS the ship--

INT. CLOSE SHOT - LOWER DECK COMPLIONWAY

50

It also rings and vibrates softly. As CAMERA BOOMS UP with the breathing, the special baggage hatch is pushed open so that it softly latches back. Then the hoist arm above is pushed aside with a faint creak. As CAMERA FOLLOWS the breathing up into the main deck, and then UP THE SPLIT STAIR, it passes the silent sleepers in their hammocks. As the breathing goes on up into THE BRIDGE DOME--

Crewman Youngerford

(foggy, sitting up)

Who's there!?

No answer. As he falls back, grunts, and at once sleeps again--

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. DAY - CLOSE SHOT - THE BRIDGE -  
COMMUNICATIONS COMPARTMENT - THE NEW MONITOR

51

completely smashed, as though great hocks have been dragged through it. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Quinn standing in the doorway, staring gloomily at the wreckage. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT-- THE BRIDGE-- Adams and the Doc, now wearing tropical shorts, are seated side by side. The two guards of last night stand rigidly facing them. Youngerford is now with them.

51

CONT'D  
(2)

Adams (grimly to guards)  
Spacemen Strong and Grey: During your watch  
this ship was entered, the heavy-duty hatch was  
raised and latched back, and valuable govern-  
ment property was sabotaged. You two men claim  
to have been at your posts, and awake. Neither  
of you saw anything, but you, Grey--

(bitterly)

-- heard "breathing".

(to third crewman)

Now you, Youngerford-- let's see: You were in  
your hammock, but--

(very bitter)

-- you "think you had a dream".

(dropping his head between his hands)

A dream!

The men wait, almost breathless. Suddenly  
Adams looks up, steely.

Adams

Pending further evidence, you are deprived of  
space pay, and all privileges.

Crewman Youngerford (quavering)

Me too, sir?

Adams (savage)

"Me-Too-Sir" will stand twenty extra watches.  
I'll have less dreaming aboard this ship!

(rasping)

Dismissed!

As the crewmen salute, about-face-- and  
disappear down the ladder like firemen--

Adams (snapping)

Well, Quinn?

Quinn (pondering monitor)

Sir, about half of this gear we're able to  
replace out of stores. The rest can be patched  
up one way or another--

(holding out a shattered tube)

-- except the clystron frequency modulator.

(taking a big breath)

Now with every facility in the ship, I think  
I may be able to rebuild it-- but frankly the  
book says no. It came packed in liquid mer-  
cury in a suspended grav field. It--

Adams

So it's impossible. How long will it take you?

Quinn (brightening)

Well, sir, if I don't stop for breakfast-- !

Adams (rising)  
Get on it.

Quinn (beaming)

Thank you, Commander!

Adams nods to the Doc, and they CROSS to the spiral stair. The following speeches are SHOT IN ALTERNATE CLOSEUPS as they climb down through the shadowy levels below.

Adams  
I figure his motive is clear enough.

Doc  
Sure-- he doesn't feel like being jerked back to Base.

Adams  
Maybe he doesn't even feel like facing a full-dress investigation right here.

Doc  
Question is-- how did he do it?

EXT. MED. SHOT - SPIRAL STAIR, AS THEY  
EMERGE

52

The bosun is waiting.

Adams  
Tractor ready, Bosun?

Bosun (pointing toward b.g.)  
Waiting and fueled, sir.

PAN them rapidly down the stair.

Adams  
Let's go, Doc-- we'll drop up to his house for a little snoop.

Farman has met them at the foot of stair.

Farman  
Half a minute, while I change into a clean shirt.

Adams (stiffly)  
Better stay in the dirty one. I'm leaving you in command here.

Farman stares at him bitterly.

Farman (sneering slightly)  
How does it feel to have to pull rank for it?

52  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams' face sets dangerously.

Adams  
You're right on the edge of insubordination,  
Lieutenant.

They stand eye-to-eye. Farman would like  
to talk back-- but controls it, glaring.

Adams (winner by default)  
You will establish a standard perimeter, and set  
up a Class A alert.

Farman (furiously correct)  
I respectfully submit that the order is impossible,  
sir.

Adams

Impossible!?

(glancing toward shielding, etc.)  
Oh-- yes. We can't be on "stand-by-to-lift-  
ship" with our A.P. unshipped. All right,  
space lawyer, carry out your orders with that  
qualification.

(revealing his own anger)  
-- And I want that alert in force before sundown!

Farman (viciously saluting)

Aye aye, sir!

Adams snaps it back at him, nods to the Doc.  
PAN them to the Command Tractor. They get in,  
the Doc taking the wheel. He starts to say  
something, but when he glances over at Adams'  
profile, he thinks better of it. As they  
drive off--

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - THE MORBIUS HOUSE

53

A mysterious mechanical whine comes from it.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM - ROBBY

54

Standing on a floor-polishing attachment. As he moves solemnly up and down in a sort of jigging waltz, the top of his dome opens, and the antenna comes out, starts to scan. After a moment Robby switches off the polisher, steps down off it, and puts it away in a closet. TRUCK him out to the front door-- which he opens just as Adams is about to knock. Both officers start slightly.

Robby (admitting them)

Good morning, gentlemen.

Adams (entering)

I'd like to see Dr. Morbius.

TRUCK them into the living-room.

Robby

Morbius is in his study, sir-- never to be disturbed while that door is closed.

Adams

We'll wait.

He and the Doc sit down, facing study door.

Robby

Miss Altaira is in the garden if you'd care to be announced, sir.

Adams (nervously)

No! No thanks! This is business.

Robby

May I serve you something, gentlemen?

Doc

A little early.

(glancing at study door)

Is there any other way out of there?

Robby

This is the only door.

(setting a tiny bell on the table)

In case you require anything, gentlemen.

As he exits o.s. on well-oiled joints--

Doc (looking after him)

How could he have got in past two sentries!

Adams (starting slightly)

Huh?

The Doc sees that Adams is preoccupied with  
trying to see out the garden window.

54  
CONT'D  
(2)

Doc (grinning slyly)

Nothing important, Skipper.

Adams crosses and uncrosses his legs several  
times.

Adams (still rubber-necking)  
Think I ought to go out and question the girl?

Doc (mischievously dead-pan)

About what, Skipper?

Adams (stiffening)

About sabotaging the transmitter of course!

Doc

I don't think she'd know about it.

Adams (miserable)

Well, she-- she might!

(as he gets no answer)

....mightn't she?

Doc (cruelly twinkling)

These major decisions are your responsibility,  
sir. I'm sorry.

Adams (jumping up)

Very well! You stay right here, and watch that  
door. We don't want to miss him.

Doc (drily)

Okay, Skipper. When Morbius comes out, I'll  
call you-- from right here.

TRUCK Adams eagerly but tensely out onto  
the terrace. After a moment, he stops  
suddenly, eyes fixed o.s.

REVERSE ANGIE - LONG SHOT - A NATURAL SWIMMING 55  
POOL

Alta's capped head and bare shoulders visible  
as she swims. TRUCK FORWARD INTO MEDIUM SHOT.  
Presently Adams ENTERS, stands on the bank.

Adams (nervously hailing)

Good morning!

Alta looks up, startled but not displeased.

Adams (resolutely pleasant)  
 That really looks cool! Think I'll have a dip  
 myself-- if you don't mind, that is.

55  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

Alta (starting to smile)  
 Well at least you can't criticise my costume  
 this morning!

During the following, Adams shucks his shirt,  
 kicks off his shoes, and stands only in his  
 tropical shorts.

Adams  
 I'm sorry for the way I spoke yesterday. You  
 see, it was kind of a shock to me when--

Still speaking, he launches himself in a long  
 dive.

MED. SHOT - WATER - ALTA

56

As Adams fetches up beside her, tossing  
 the hair out of his eyes.

Alta (as both laugh).  
 What a marvelous dive!

Adams  
 This is really nice!  
 (then growing solemn)  
 Gosh, you look wonderful.

But just as she starts to look pleased,  
 he stops in mid-phrase, with his mouth  
 open, staring down at her under-water  
 portions in utter horror and incredulity.

Adams  
 Alta! Where's your bathing suit!?

Alta (recoiling-- plaintive)  
 What's a bathing-suit!? Oh, you make me so nervous!

Adams does not hear this because he is  
 already heading for the bank at a racing-  
 stroke. PAN. He scrambles out, stands  
 with his back rigidly turned. TRUCK IN.

Adams (over his shoulder)  
 Come on! Hurry up now! Get out of there!

Alta (s.s.)  
 I will not! You're shouting again.

Adams  
Hurry! Somebody might come along!

Alta (still o.s.)  
Well, I certainly hope they do!

He hears her getting out behind him o.s.,  
struggles with an impulse to glance over  
his shoulder.

Adams  
Do you always go swimming like that?

Alta (SOUNDS of dressing o.s.)  
Like what?

Adams (softly to himself)  
Oh murder!

The dressing continues o.s. He listens to it.

Alta (grieved)  
I thought it was just my clothes you didn't like,  
but I guess it's me personally.

Adams (melting)  
Oh now Alta! You know better--!

Alta  
Then turn around and look at me!

Adams turns slowly, not knowing what to expect.  
As he reacts strongly to what he sees o.s., PAM  
to INCLUDE Alta, just removing her bathing cap,  
and shaking her hair down. Bobby's now dress is  
not in the least transparent-- it does not need  
to be, for it clings like the scales of a  
tropical fish. There are lots and lots of  
emeralds on it. Adams stares weakly at her.

Alta (growing anxious)  
But nothing shows through now, does it?  
(as he simply goes on staring)

Don't you like it?  
(as he still stares)  
I had it made just for you specially.

This completes the job. With so much  
beauty so available, the Commander's better  
nature is putting up a final weak-kneed struggle.

Adams (stepping toward her)

Alta!

Alta (expectant)  
Yes?

56  
CONT'D  
(3)

Adams (stopping short)  
-- What kind of work does your father do?

Alta (greatly disappointed)  
Work? Oh dear, I don't know. He just goes into  
his study and-- and works.

Adams  
But you haven't any idea-- ?

Alta (shaking her head)  
He says I'm terribly ignorant. All he could ever  
get through my head is poetry, and mathematics, and  
geology, and physics, and chemistry, and bi--

She catches it, breaks off, glances sidelong  
at him.

Adams (wanly smiling)  
-- ology?  
(as she nods)  
But mostly on the theoretical side?

Alta  
Well naturally-- so far.

Adams (hopelessly)  
Oh.

Alta  
So what's wrong with theory?

Adams  
Ever try to swim by theory?

Alta  
Oh dear! Is it that complicated?

Adams  
No, it's just as simple as--  
(helplessly looking her over)  
-- drowning.

Alta (not meeting the look)  
I suppose you've done quite a good deal of that  
kind of swimming.

Adams (wryly)  
Me? In my job! I've spent about a quarter of  
my life in hyper-space-- dreaming about it.

They stand looking into each other's faces,  
on the edge of going into an embrace, but  
neither is quite up to making the first move.  
Suddenly Alta comes alert, as she sees some-  
thing behind Adams.

REV. ANG. - LONG SHOT - THE TIGER  
prowling through the shrubberies.

57

NEW ANG. - FULL SHOT (PROCESS)

58

Alta  
Careful! He doesn't know you.

She steps in front of Adams as the tiger emerges from the shrubbery. But this time the huge beast comes out belly-to-earth, with his eyes set in a fixed glare on Alta's face.

Adams

Alta!

As the tiger charges toward her with a roar--

TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

59

He draws her to him with one arm, and fires his blaster o.s. She stares for a moment in horror, then hides her face against Adams' shoulder.

Adams

I'm sorry. I had to do it.

Alta (clinging to him)  
But he But he didn't know me any more! He would have killed me!

(looking up frantically)  
What was the matter, Commander? Tell me! What's become of my power!? What has happened to me?

Adams (gentle, holding her)  
You really don't know?

Alta (wildly)  
No! No I don't! I don't!

He draws her to him, kisses her hard on the mouth.

Adams

Know now?

Alta (looking into his face)  
Yes.....I know now.

As they kiss again--

INT. BED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - DOC

60

lounging in an armchair, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling. Adams enters purposefully.

Adams (indicating closed door)

Is he still in there?

Doc (shrugging)

Hasn't come out.

(as Adams CROSSES to door)

Now wait a minute, Skipper! After all, this is his house-- !

Adams stops, looks back at him.

Adams

Something has just been added.

The Doc does not get it for a moment-- then follows Adams' eyes toward the garden.

Doc (soberly)

Oh. I'd offer my congratulations-- but I expect this makes things kind of rough for you.

Adams (grim)

And for him-- if he's guilty of anything.

Doc (thoughtful)

That's quite an answer-- if you're sure you can live up to it.

Adams shoots him a glaring look, and knocks on the closed door. There is no answer. Adams knocks more loudly. Still no answer. They glance at each other. Adams tries the handle, finds it unlocked, pushes the door open. TRUCK them into the study together. The room is empty. They stare at each other.

Doc

Not even a window!

Adams

The robot lied! Morbius was never in here.

(thinking about it)

Doc, he's up to something!

He starts to leave, but the Doc has just discovered a sheet of paper on the desk.

Doc

Look at this, Skipper.

INTERCUT CLOSE SHOT-- THE SHEET OF PAPER.  
It is covered with an unknown script.

60  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams (Blank)

What is it?

Doc (shaking his head)  
Some kind of hieroglyphics, but it's not Egyptian,  
or cuneiform, or Chinese, or--

At this moment there is a quiet sound o.s.  
As they wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE the inner  
wall of the study, just sliding back, to  
REVEAL the mouth of a tunnel-- a low arch  
about five and a half feet high by twelve  
wide. Dr. Morbius is emerging from it.  
He sees them as he straightens, stands  
glaring in astonishment.

Morbius (biting contempt)

Officers and gentlemen!

(advancing slowly)

You will find the household silver in the dining  
room - and my daughter's jewelry is usually on  
her dressing-table.

Adams

You can stow that, Morbius! Last night our clystron  
monitor was sabotaged. Now it's time for a lot of  
explanations.

Morbius (indignant astonishment)

You suspect me?

(more quietly)

Then, as you say, the time has come for clarification.

(glancing toward the tunnel-mouth)

Since you have penetrated so far-- sit down and  
listen.

They obey quietly, with their eyes fixed on  
his face. Morbius begins measuredly pacing  
up and down. There is now a special sort  
of dignity about him.

Morbius

In times long past this planet was the home of a  
mighty and noble race of beings which called them-  
selves The Krell.

(as the officers slowly sit up)

Ethically as well as technologically, they were a  
million years in advance of humankind, for in  
unlocking the mysteries of creation, they had  
conquered even the evil and cruelty in their  
own natures.

(as Doc nods, smiling slightly)

And when, in the course of eons, they had abolished  
sickness, and insanity, and crime, and all injustice,  
they turned-- still with high benevolence-- outward

Morbius (continuing)

60

Before the dawn of man's history, they walked  
our earth, and brought back many biological  
specimens--

CONT'D  
(3)

Adams (beginning to see light)

Of course! That tiger-- the deer-- those birds  
from Asia and Africa!

Morbius (gravely ironical)

Though evidently our own bestial primitive  
ancestors were beneath the notice of the Krell.

His face grows somber. He sits down.

Morbius

Then, seemingly upon the threshold of some  
supreme accomplishment, which was to have  
crowned the efforts of their entire history,  
this all but divine race perished utterly  
in a single night.

(as the others react)

In the 2000 centuries since that unknown  
catastrophe, even their cloud-piercing towers  
of glass, and porcelain, and adamantine steel  
have crumbled back into the soil of Altair-4.  
All that remains above ground is this range of  
foothills where we stand-- material excavated  
from a single engineering project.

Doc (in awe)

What were they like?

Morbius (sadly)

No record of their physical nature has survived--  
(nodding toward tunnel-mouth)

-- except perhaps in the form of that character-  
istic arch. I suggest that you consider it in  
comparison to one of our functionally-shaped human  
doorways.

The officers turn, and stare at the tunnel-  
mouth. Abstractedly, the Doc picks up a  
pencil. TRUCK IN slightly to give a glimpse  
over his shoulder as he sketches-- first, the  
outline of a common doorway, with a one-line  
diagram of a man standing in it-- then the Krell  
arch, with a suggestion of a crab-like or spider-  
like creature framed in it. But before the  
sketch is complete, the Doc's hand impulsively  
crumples the paper in revulsion.

They rise, follow him into the tunnel.  
TRUCK. After a few yards they are stopped  
by a huge circular metal lock, like the  
door of a bank-vault.

61  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morbius (rapping it)  
Krell metal. Try your blaster on it, Commander.

Rather gingerly, Adams complies. As he  
stops--

Adams  
That spot ought to be molten!

Morbius (laying his hand  
on it)  
Scarcely warm.  
(as Doc checks with Geiger.  
And no radic activity. The molecules are many  
times more densely interlocked than in any earthly  
steel, and yet it drinks up energy like a sponge.

He manipulates the combination. Automatically  
the ponderous door swings open. TRUCK them  
through. They are in an electro-physics  
laboratory, neither especially large, nor  
fantastically equipped. Rather it is  
practical-looking. However, all the seats  
are exceptionally low and wide, with four  
separate arm-rests set at right angles on  
each side. The only source of light is the  
luminous ceiling.  
TRUCK SLOWLY.

Morbius  
This was one of their laboratories-- I should judge  
an important one. You will notice that much of  
the equipment is familiar--

(indicating seats, etc.)  
-- although designed for non-human technicians.

(smiling)  
Working here, I sometimes wish I had been blessed with  
multiple arms and legs.

ADVANCING CAUTIA has now OPENED OUT a side  
alcove, with two fairly bulky fixtures in it.  
One is something like a large, low office desk,  
with a ground-glass panel set in it at an  
angle. A keyboard below. The other is a low,  
hexagonal table, with a strange-looking electri-  
cal installation at each of its six corners.  
This has a small console of rheostats, etc.

Adams  
What are these two devices?

61  
CONT'D  
(3)

With a look of peculiar happiness, Morbius lays his hand gravely on the desk-like object.

Morbius

On this screen may be projected the total scientific knowledge of the Krell race, from its primitive beginnings to the day of its annihilation-- a sheer bulk surpassing many million earthly libraries.... but I do not even know the storage place of all those ancient tons of microfilm.

He begins manipulating the massive keyboard. Successive pages of hieroglyphics are projected from inside upon the ground-glass panel.

Doc (eagerly)

You're able to read this?

Morbius

A little. It's my profession.

He presses new buttons. A page of geometrical diagrams appears, with hieroglyphic annotations.

Morbius

Twenty years ago I began here with this page of geometrical theorems. Eventually I was able to deduce most of their huge logical alphabet. I began to learn.

(smiling)

The first practical result was that robot of mine which you both appear to find so remarkable.

(then serious again)

Child's play, gentlemen! I have come here every day now for two decades, painfully picking up a few of the least difficult fragments of their knowledge-- but still I am like an illiterate savage, wandering at random through some stupendous scientific institute, and comprehending not a thousandth part of all the piled-up wonders.

Adams (deeply stirred)

This is too big to evaluate! Think what this discovery is going to mean-- !

The Doc glances at Morbius, and hastily interrupts.

Doc (indicating second machine)

What's this other one, Dr. Morbius?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)  
 I call it their "plastic educator". As far as I  
 can make out, they used it to condition and test  
 their young-- much as we employ finger-painting  
 among our kindergarten children. Sometimes I  
 play with it myself for relaxation.

61  
 CONT'D  
 (1+)

He sits down in the low, broad seat, begins  
 adjusting an oddly-shaped system of electrodes  
 to his own head.

Morbius  
 Of course this head-set was not designed for the  
 human cranium--

He throws one of the two switches. Lights  
 flash on in a wall panel, consisting of  
 many rows of tiny electric bulbs.

Morbius  
 There you see the electro-magnetic waves of my brain  
 activating about a third of those lights. I gather  
 that one of their own young, comparable to a seven-  
 year-old child, was normally expected to light up  
 the entire panel.

(wryly ironical)  
 Which, by Kroll standards, classifies me as a low-grade  
 moron-- and I have a human I.Q. rating of 141.

(releasing a safety lock, and throwing  
 a second switch)

Now to operate--

(beginning to manipulate rheostats)  
 If you don't mind, I'll demonstrate with a familiar  
 subject in order to save time.

As he starts to concentrate, there is a faint  
 sparking of the electrical devices at the  
 table corners. Presently a shadowy disturbance  
 appears at the common focus of all six.  
 It clouds, and whirls, and seems to coagulate.

Adams (watching, intent)  
 What's that? What's happening there!  
 (as the whirling suddenly clears)  
 Look-- it's a doll!-- it's a little statue!  
 -- It's Altaira!

Standing on the table now, as though enclosed  
 in a block of clear plastic, there is a thirty-  
 inch color replica of Altaira.

Morbius (manipulating)  
 Simply a three-dimensional image, Commander.

Doc

It seems alive!

61  
CONT'D  
(5)

Morbius

Because my daughter lives in my brain from  
micro-second to micro-second as I operate.

Adams (half resentful)

It's a hypnotic trick.

Morbius

You will notice how the image blurs when I allow  
my attention to be distracted by your conversation.

Doc

It's true. A hypnotic image would have remained  
steady.After another moment or two Morbius sweeps  
his hand across the console. The image  
disappears, and Morbius leans back, removing  
the head set.

Morbius (shaking his head)

There. Something of a strain.

Both officers have been deeply impressed.

Doc

Aladdin's lamp in a physics laboratory!

Morbius (blandly)

Would you gentlemen care to take the Krell test  
of your intelligence?

Adams

Very much!

Morbius (repressing a twinkle)

I'm afraid you may be a trifle disappointed, Commander.  
Suppose we begin with the good Doctor.

Doc (not too eager)

What do I do?

Morbius (closing safety catch)

Just sit down here.

(adjusting electrodes to Doc's head)

There-- now throw the first switch.

The Doc obeys. His face falls comically as  
the currents of his brain light up less than  
half as many lights as Morbius had done..

Doc (as Adams grins)  
Something's wrong here! At Luna Port my  
official I. Q. is 148-- that's seven points  
higher than yours, Dr. Morbius-- yet I don't  
light up half the area that you did!

Morbius (enigmatically smiling)  
Now the Commander--

Adams replaces the Doc at the machine, and  
Morbius adjusts the electrodes.

Morbius  
Now.

Adams throws the switch, and stares stupefied.  
His brain has activated even fewer of the  
lights than did the Doc's-- not half a dozen.

Doc (chuckling)  
Never mind, Skipper! A commanding officer doesn't  
need brains-- just a good loud voice!

Adams (ignoring this)  
Now what do I do to make an image?  
(fumbling at safety catch)  
Throw this one?

Morbius (catching Adams' hand)  
Stop! You'd never survive it.  
(indicating panel)  
Our BELEREPHON commander tried this machine with a  
mentality of that sort, and--if you'll pardon my  
saying so-- it was instantly fatal to him.

Adams (rising, cold)  
I see.

Morbius (eager to explain)  
In my own first attempt at creating an image here,  
my brain pattern on that panel was hardly larger  
than yours, Doctor-- and I lay unconscious for a  
day and a night.

Doc (amused respect)  
And you came back for a second go at it?

Morbius (unpretentious)  
It was a question of science, Doctor. -- You  
may then imagine my joy when I discovered that  
the shock had permanently doubled my intellectual  
capacity.

(CROSSING to library projector)  
Otherwise my researches here-- poor as they have  
been-- must have come to almost nothing.

As he lays his hand on the projector,  
the deep, quiet enthusiasm returns  
to him.

61  
CONT'D  
(7)

Morbius

This wonderful, tantalizing box of secrets, gentlemen! Recently I have come across some puzzling indications that in those final days before their annihilation, the Kroll were applying their entire racial energies to a new project-- one which they seemed to hope might somehow free them once for all from any physical dependence upon instrumentalities.

Doc (his forehead puckered)  
A civilization without instrumentalities? I'm afraid I don't quite follow.

Morbius (troubled  
himself)

Grantedly, the concept as stated appears to have little allowable meaning.

(brightening again)  
But by next year I ought to have more completely mastered their indexing system. Then perhaps matters will progress more rapidly.

During the last interchange, Adams has been watching Morbius more and more skeptically.

Adams (faintly smiling)  
Don't you think we've had about enough parlor magic, Dr. Morbius?

Doc

Skipper!

Morbius (quietly facing Adams)  
Perhaps I don't understand you, sir.

Adams (open contempt)  
Why, everything here is absolutely brand-new!  
Look-- not a sign of age or wear on any of it.

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61  
CONT'D  
(8)

Morbius (unruffled)

Young man, these devices, self-serviced and self-maintained, have stood exactly as you see them for nearly 200,000 years. When our party first entered here there was not even a speck of dust.

Adams

And during all that time, where did the power come from?

Morbius

A very good question.

As though half reluctant, he turns slowly, points o.s. PAN TO REVEAL the hitherto disregarded inner wall of the laboratory. It is entirely covered with rows of electric gauges. At the center, there is a second low arch.

Morbius (continuing)

Let me draw your attention to these gauges. Their markings indicate that they are set in decimal series-- each one recording exactly ten times as many amperes as the one preceding it.

(impressive, as they stare)

Ten times ten, times ten, times ten, and on and on - row after row!

(switching library projector)

There is no direct wiring here that I can discover. Yet when I activate this machine, that dial at the lower left-hand corner registers infinitesimally.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT - THE GAUGE

62

its needle quivering.

Morbius (o.s.)

And when I add the plastic educator, now it registers a little more.

The needle advances very slightly.

MED. CHCT

63

Morbius switches off both machines. TRUCK them IN toward gauges.

Doc (deeply excited)

But that much is negligible. The total potential here must be nothing less than astronomical!

Morbius (very grave)  
Nothing less. The number ten raised almost literally to the nth power of infinity!

63  
CONT'D  
(2)

(indicating arch)  
Now if you will step through here, as the Krell technicians once used to do--

As they all stoop, and go through--

LONG SHOT - (PROCESS) - NEXT ROOM

64

The CAMERA is LOOKING down a softly-lighted corridor which runs directly off to the vanishing point. It is packed with metal electronic units on both sides, so that the effect is something like seeing a modern automatic telephone exchange in opposed mirrors. The three men ENTER FROM BEHIND CAMERA. When they speak even very quietly, every word echoes uncannily.

Morbius (pointing down corridor)

Twenty miles!

(turning, pointing again at right-angles)

Twenty miles!

PAN through 90 degrees to a second vista, identical to the first. As they stare at each other in silence, they begin to hear faint mechanical clicks on all sides.

Adams (a whisper)

Listen! - circuits opening and closing.

Morbius

They never rest.

He leads them out upon a sort of flying bridge, which is cantilevered out over a large open shaft. Now their hair and clothing is stirred by a steady up-draft.

Morbius

One of the ventilator shafts. You can feel the warm air rising. Look down.

(as they draw back)

Look down, gentlemen! Are you afraid?

Against every instinct in their bodies, they grip the hand-rail, and look down. Sweat comes out on their faces.

HIGH ANGLE VERTICAL LONG SHOT - DOWN THE VENTILATOR SHAFT

65

Just at the vanishing point, there is a faintly pulsing pin-point of violet blue light.

Morbius Voice (o.s.)  
7800 levels - twenty miles straight down!

MED. SHOT - THE THREE MEN

66

as they shrink back, sick and dazed.

Doc

That little dot of blue light way down there at the bottom - what's that?

Morbius switches on a small TV set.

Morbius

The batteries of thermo-nuclear reactors - the leashed power of an exploding planetary system!

As TV screen is activated, TRUCK IN slightly:  
A FULL-SIZE (MINIATURE PROCESS) - MULTIPLE RANKS OF ATOMIC FURNACES in Egyptian perspective, glowing balefully blue.

Morbius (watching the officers)  
A single machine, a cube twenty miles on each side!  
For two thousand centuries it has waited patiently here, tuning and lubricating itself, replacing worn parts. I have reason to believe that six years ago it performed a minor alteration throughout the entire 8000 cubic miles of its own fabric.

Adam (after a silence)

But - what's it for?

Morbius glances at him, and looks away.

Morbius (oddly evasive)

Sometimes the gauges register a little when the buck deer fight in the autumn, or when the birds pass over in the spring. And nearly a whole line became active when your ship first approached from space.

Adams

I asked you - what's it for!?

Morbius stands gripping the railing, staring down into the abyss.

66  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morbius (haggard and haunted)  
I don't know! In twenty years I have been able to form absolutely no conception at all.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - THE CAMP

67

The whole area is now flood-lighted. A high, steel-mesh fence has been set up all around the spaceship, and a considerable strip outside cleared of undergrowth. Armed crewmen are patrolling inside the fence. Farman and the Bosun stand in f.g. looking everything over.

Farman

Very good, Bosun.

(pointing across perimeter)

Maybe one more light over on that side.

Bosun

Aye aye, sir.

Farman

Is the juice on in the fence?

The Bosun takes a bit of string out of his pocket, tosses it across the top of the fence. It sparkles, bursts into flame, and turns to black ash.

Bosun

There you are, sir.

Farman

Thank you, Bosun.

The Bosun salutes, about-faces, and walks o.s. As Farman turns, he finds himself face to face with the cook.

Cook (magnificently saluting)

Requesting permission to address the Lieutenant!

Farman

What is it, Cook?

Cook (the perfect space-man)

Havin' completed my washin'-up dooties after chow, I request the Lieutenant's leave for a little walk outside the fence.

Farman (glancing blankly o.s.)  
But there's nothing for a man like you out there.

67  
CONT'D  
(2)

Cook

Oh yes there is, sir!

(hastily covering slip)

I -- I mean if I could just find some wild radishes  
or something --

(sneaking glance at wristwatch)

-- it might brighten the boys' mess up a little.

Farman (shrugging)

I don't know what you're lying about, Cook, but be  
in before the Skipper gets back or we'll both get  
skinned.

Cook (the big salute)

Aye aye, sir! And thank you very much, sir,  
Lootenant, sir!

PAN HIM to the electrified gate. The guard  
on duty lets him out, using an insulated  
handle. TRUCK the Cook away from the lighted  
area. He makes a great show of searching for  
radishes, pulling up various weeds, and throw-  
ing them away with elaborate disappointment.  
At last, with a cautious back-glance, he sneaks  
around the corner of the first dune. Instantly,  
he bursts into a wild sprint. PAN HIM rapidly  
through several sandy gullies. All at once  
he trips over a hummock of grass, and plows  
forward on his chin. Rising painfully to his  
hands and knees, he suddenly freezes, with  
his eyes fixed o.s. PAN TO INCLUDE several  
neat rows of full gallon jugs. The Robot  
is just completing the last row.

Robot (counting jugs)

-- fifty-eight -- fifty-nine -- sixty.

Without a word of greetings or thanks, the  
Cook scrambles forward on all fours. TRUCK  
IN as he grabs a jug, and unscrews the top.

Cook (ecstatically sniffing)

Genuine Kansas City!

(strangling after big drink)

Ugh - smooth too!

Robot (o.s.)

Item No. 2, sir -- the female companionship.

Still on all fours, the Cook swings about  
eagerly. Then his eyes fix o.s. in horror.

Cook softly to himself)

Oh mercy!

PAN TO INCLUDE the parked jeep. From it, the Robot is leading by the hand a rather charming young female chimp.

67  
CONT'D  
(3)

Robot

Satisfactory, sir?

Cook (jumping up, furious)

But that thing's a chimp!

Robot (rather smugly)

Yes, sir-- a placental anthropoid like yourself.

Cook

Why I never been so insulted!

(slapping his own chest)

I'm a human be'n', that's what I am! And don't either of you forget it!

Robot (surprised and pained)

But I assure you, sir, that from an impartial, evolutionary viewpoint, the resemblances far outweigh any mere physiological divergences.

Cook (staggered by this insult)

Me and her!? Why you dirty-minded de-vice! I ought to take a can-opener to you!

He breaks off in disgust, comforts himself with an enormous drink from the jug. Then he notices the chimp shyly approaching.

Cook (stiffening)

Get away!

(as Chimp clammers up his leg)

No! Stop it!

(as Chimp's face comes level with his)

Help! Come on now-- git off!

(as chimp slides arms around his neck)

Aw quit!

The chimp tenderly kisses his cheek. After a moment of fright, the Cook's whole attitude softens and changes.

Cook (almost baby-talk)

Never mind. She'll make a cute ship's pet anyway. I'll fix her up a little gymnasium right in the galley--

Glancing over, he notices that the Robot now stands motionless, scanning o.s.

Cook (anxious)

What's up in camp? Somebody comin' out this way?

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Robot (after several seconds)  
No, sir. Nothing is coming this way.

67  
CONT'D  
(4)

CLOSE SHOT - ONE OF THE FLOODLIGHTS

68

flashing rapidly on and off. Excited SHOUTS  
o.s. PAN DOWN INTO FULL SHOT-- THE CAMP.  
All the lights are flashing, and the exterior  
box of circuit-breakers keeps snapping and  
smoking.

Farman (meeting Bosun in f.g.)  
What's with the lights, Bosun?

Bosun

Can't make out, sir.

(pointing at box)  
Look at the load on those circuit-breakers!

Crewman Lindstrom (calling  
in b.g.)  
Over here, Lieutenant! The fence is shorting!

TRUCK IN as Farman and the Bosun run over.  
Two or three yards of the fence is crackling  
with electrical arcs, and is already glowing.

Farman  
Why, this whole section is red-hot!

Bosun

Shall I shut down the current, sir?

Farman (as arcing stops, and  
glow darkens)  
It's stopped now. Unless it happens again, we'll  
check over the whole system in the morning.

During his speech, PAN DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT--  
THE GROUND below their range of vision.  
Just inside the fence, a patch of sand stirs.  
It is a huge footprint, perhaps a yard long.  
Another footprint appears two yards in advance  
of it. PAN with the footprints as they make  
their way directly toward the ship. In the  
b.g. human legs are continually visible, as  
guards pass without noticing the footprints.

Crewman Randall (o.s.)  
That was queer the way the fence shorted!

Crewman Silvers (o.s.)  
Yeah-- then it stopped.

Crowman Moran (o.s.)  
I never saw lights do that except in a thunderstorm.

68  
CONT'D  
(2)

The great footsteps reach the spiral stair, which now rings and vibrates slightly as the unseen weight again moves up it. Crowmen visible in the b.g., unaware of what is happening. The huge, bestial breathing enters the ship.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - TERRACE DOORMWAY OF MORBIUS LIVING ROOM - ALTA STANDING THERE

69

As dialogue starts o.s. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT-- LIVING ROOM-- Morbius and Adams sit facing each other. The clash has come. Morbius is scowling. Adams' face is set in bull-like obstinacy. As each speaks in turn, Alta keeps glancing from one to the other, tense and scared. The Doc, with the corners of his eyes thoughtfully crinkled, sits studying Morbius through the smoke of a cigarette.

Adams

Dr. Morbius, I disagree with you one hundred percent! A scientific find on this scale has got to be taken under United Planets supervision.

(as Doc nods agreement)

No one man can be allowed to monopolize it.

Morbius (openly sneering)

For the past two hours I have been expecting you to make exactly that stupid statement.

(checking Adams with a gesture)

One moment, commander. For close upon twenty years now I have constantly and, I hope, dispassionately, considered this very problem. And I have come to the unalterable conclusion that Man is as yet unfit to receive such knowledge-- such almost limitless power.

Doc (gently)

Whereas Dr. Morbius, with his now greatly expanded intellectual capacity, is ideally suited to administer that power for the whole human race.

Morbius (unruffled)

Precisely, Doctor.

(increasingly arbitrary)

Such portions then of the Kroll science as I may from time to time deem safe and suitable, I shall dispense to earth. Other portions I shall withhold. In this I will be answerable ex-

69  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morbius (Continued)  
(to Adams in particular)  
And for the benefit of your superiors back  
at Earth-Base, I am obliged to add that I  
intend to submit to no coercion whatsoever.

Adams' eyes are alight with cold anger.

Adams (carefully quiet)  
In the absence of instructions, sir, you put me  
in a very difficult position--

At this moment his collar-insignia walkie-  
talkie buzzes. Adams activates it.

Farman's Voice (excited)  
Commander Adams! Commander Adams!

Adams  
Commander speaking, Lieutenant.

Farman's Voice  
Skipper! Chief Quinn has been murdered!

Adams  
Murdered!?

As Morbius and the Doc rise slowly--

Farman's Voice (breathless)  
He was alone-- working on the monitor. Skipper!  
We were all outside on guard duty! I was just--

Since the word "murder", Adams' eyes have  
remained fixed in a deadly expression on  
Morbius' face.

Adams  
Get hold of it, Farman.  
(still watching Morbius)  
Now tell me-- how was it done?

Farman's Voice (cracking)  
Done!? Skipper, the Chief's body is spread all  
over the Communications Room!

Adams  
I'll be there inside thirty minutes.

Still glaring at Morbius, he stands  
up, nods to the Doc. As the two men walk  
rapidly out o.s., Lite comes into the room,  
looking after them in terror. All at once  
Morbius sinks back into his armchair, looking  
ill and old.

Morbius (a shuddering whisper) 69  
It has started again! CONT'D  
 (3)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MED. SHOT - DAY - SHIP'S BRIDGE - ADAMS

70

wearing his No. 1 uniform with a stiff collar, sits examining Quinn's shattered spectacles. He starts writing on a manila envelope as the Doc, also in No. 1 uniform, climbs up the ladder, lugging a big chunk of ruddy plaster over his shoulder on a loop of rope.

Adams (as he writes)

Next of kin, Mrs. Sara L. Quinn, his mother.

(slipping spectacles into envelope)

Nothing else left for her.

(peering at plaster)

What's that?

Doc sets the chunk of plaster on the table.

Doc (unusually grave)

It's a plaster-cast of the footprint near the water-cooler. Thirty-seven inches by nineteen.

A monstrous animal foot, shagged with coarse hair, and armed with huge curved claws.

Adams (inspecting it)

Whatever walks on this would be quite an opponent-- for a man with a club.

(as Doc fails to reply)

Outside of its looks, what bothers you so much?

Doc (uncasy and evasive)

Skipper, this thing runs counter to eve' y known law of adaptive evolution!

Adams

Could you break that down for me?

Doc

Look at the structure here-- characteristic of a four-footed animal, yet our visitor last night left the tracks of a biped.

(as Adams grunts, attentive)

Definitely a ground animal too-- but these claws could only belong to an arboreal creature, like some impossible tree-sloth. -- It just doesn't fit into normal nature anywhere in the galaxy. It's a nightmare!

Adams thinks about this for a moment.

70  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams

Could it be that the answer is fairly simple?

Doc

Simple!?

Adams (nodding, grim)

Our robot friend-- wearing stilts, with those things for feet.

Doc

How did he cross a hundred yards of flooilighted level ground without being seen by twenty people?

Adams (bitter and grim)

How much of a trick is it to get past a lot of unbuttoned guards under a slack officer! -- while Norbius stalls the so-called "brains" of this outfit up there in his laboratory!

Doc (not quite convinced)

Maybe. He did take a lot of trouble to plant the idea that his robot was harmless.

At this moment Farman appears at the head of the ladder, looking necker than usual.

Farman

Excuse me, Commander-- are you ready to hold discipline on the Cook?

Adams (snapping)

Let's have him.

Farman beckons, and the Cook comes up, shaved, and with his hair plastered. His uniform is above criticism, his military correctitude almost galvanic.

Farman

I'm obliged to remind you, sir-- he had my permission to go out last night.

Adams (eyeing Cook)

Did he have your permission to get soused with a Chimp?

The Cook is visibly staggered by such injustice

Cook

Drunk, sir!? Me, sir?  
(sinister tones)

Commander, sir, I been the victim of a cold-blooded poison plot!

Adams  
And I have to sit and listen to this!

70  
CONT'D  
(3)

Cook  
Ask the Doctor, sir!

(darkly wagging his head)  
A whole gallon of 120 proof bourbon without a  
trace of natural hangover in it! And why did  
that Robert argue me into drinkin' it in the first  
place!

Adams and the Doc look blankly at each other.

Adams (to Cook)  
You were with the robot last night?

Cook  
Yes, sir. Him and me, we --

Adams  
The whole time? While the Chief was being killed?

Cook  
Why certainly, sir. That Robert and me--

Adams (his face set)  
Dismissed.

Cook (suddenly pleading)  
Could I just keep the chimp, Skipper? Huh? -  
could I? She wouldn't be no trouble to nobody!  
Honest, sir, she's just like a cute baby! She -

Adams (waving him off)  
All right! All right! Just keep her away from  
the chow.

Cook (deeply moved)  
I ain't ever going to forget this kindness on  
your part, Commander, sir! From now on I'm right  
ready to lay my life down for you--  
(failing to snap his fingers)  
-- just like that!

Adams (closing his eyes)  
See if you can get him out of here, Lieutenant.

Farman (choking back laughter)  
Come on, Mother -- your child is crying for you.

As the Cook and Farman exit down the stair,  
Adams and the Doc are still looking blankly  
at each other.

Adams  
That sort of washes the Robot up.

Doc

And where does that leave us for suspects!?

Adams

Maybe it leaves us with the same one!

(starting to grin wryly)

--but maybe "the brains of this outfit" ought to drop up to the Krell laboratory and have their I.Q.'s boosted.

Bosun (entering, saluting)

Sir, the burial detail is formed.

As Adams rises, picks up his cap, and the Space Manual--

IAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE OPEN GRAVE

71

The whole ship's company is drawn up. The body is already out of sight in the grave.

Adams (reading from manual)

We commit the body of our comrade to the soil of this planet in the name of God.

(throwing in sand)

Earth to earth -- ashes to ashes -- dust to dust.

(when all have stood at salute)

Dismissed!

PAN Adams and Doc slowly away in TWO SHOT.

Adams

He was really an A-1 technician.

Doc

And that's a good enough epitaph for any space man.

Suddenly they stop short, eyes fixed o.s. PAN TO INCLUDE the jeep standing outside the gate, with Robby holding the door. Morbius and Alta have just alighted. TRUCK IN as Adams and Doc advance to meet them.

Adams (to Morbius)

Good day, sir.

He meets Alta's eyes, says nothing.

Morbius (eyes on grave o.s.)

I dare say neither of us slept last night, Commander.

Adams (watching him)

That's a close guess.

Morbius

While your ship was still in space, I warned you  
-- I begged you! -- not to land on this planet!  
Since then I have repeated my appeals many times.

(gesturing toward grave)

That is only a foretaste, Commander -- the Bolere-  
phon pattern is being woven again.

(as Adams does not answer)

Young man! Let me urge you -- and my daughter  
joins me in urging you -- to leave while there  
is still time!

Adams glances at Alta. Large-eyed, she nods  
slowly. Adams looks back at Morbius.

Adams

I'll lift off the moment we're operational again --  
if you and your daughter are aboard my ship.

Morbius

Is it possible you still don't understand? She  
and I are completely safe here -- we're immune!

Suddenly Alta takes an arm of each, and  
tries to draw them closer to each other.

Alta

Father, we must do as he says! Don't you feel it?  
Everything has changed! Death is all around us.

(as Morbius starts)

Out there in space we'll all be safe together --  
and happier than we ever thought was possible.  
Please! I know the Commander now -- you've got  
to trust him!

Morbius stares at her, appalled as he begins  
to understand what has happened. After a  
moment he releases her arm.

Morbius

You're of age, my child, with every legal and moral  
right to make your own decisions. Obviously my own  
feelings on the subject are of no great consequence.

Alta

Daddy-- !

Morbius

Go with this young man -- to that dark world your  
mother and I left behind.

(looking sternly at Adams)

And when this cruel illusion of love has failed  
you, perhaps you will discover for yourself that  
your life here was kindlier than the life of  
Earth --

Alta has stood speechless between them. Now  
she lets their arms go

Alta  
Kind!? What do either of you know about kindness!  
 Forcing me to choose between you -- !

71  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

Suddenly she turns, and runs o.s. in tears.  
 They look after her -- then their eyes meet.

Morbius (savagely mocking)  
 So you have won her child's love. What a victory for  
 your vanity, Commander!

Suddenly his fury leaps out into the open.

Morbius  
 Stay here then! And you may be sure that the  
 next attack upon your party will be far more  
 deadly and general.

Adams (catching his sleeve)  
How do you know?

The question has the crack of a whip and  
 for a moment Morbius seems oddly at a loss.

Morbius  
 Know? I -- I simply seem to visualize it somehow.  
 I -- (angrily freeing his arm)  
 If you wish, you may call it a premonition!

He walks away quickly to the jeep. Adams and  
 the Doc watch very soberly as it drives o.s.

Doc  
 What did you make of that, Skipper?

Adams (very thoughtful)  
 I'd say it sounded like an ultimatum.

LAP DISSOLVE:

NIGHT CLOSE SHOT - CAMP - A GUN EMPLACEMENT

72

containing one of the heavy atomic disintegrators from the ship. A crewman in the operator's saddle. PAN INT) FULL SHOT. The floodlights are on. Three other emplacements with disintegrators, set equidistant about the ship. The whole crew is armed and on duty inside the fence, each man alertly watching the area on his own front. Adams and the Doc stand in f.g. near the stair, watching a work-squad carry the last of Quinn's heavy electrical gear back into the ship. The Doc is festooned with hand-grenades.

Adams (to work party)  
Get along with that gear! I want a clear field  
of fire for the main battery.

72  
CONT'D  
(2)

(critically examining layout)  
At least three heavy units covering every point  
on the perimeter.

(noticing Doc's get-up)  
Get rid of those grenades, Doc. You'll blow  
yourself up.

Doc  
No, Skipper. Cook showed me how they work.

Adams gives him an amused glance, activates  
the command mike.

Adams  
Bosun.

Bosun's Voice  
Sir?

Adams  
How soon will radar be operational?

Bosun's Voice  
Operating right now, sir.

Adams glances up at the slowly revolving  
antenna.

Adams  
Stay on it yourself.

He disconnects. PAN HIM to where Farman  
is standing.

Adams  
Well, Lieutenant, is your trouble-squad ready?

Farman (cheerful)  
In hand but slightly trigger-happy, sir.

Adams makes a big, difficult effort.

Adams  
I know I've been pulling a lot of rank on you  
lately, Jerry.

Farman (smiling at the  
ground)  
Who am I to argue with my Commanding Officer?

Adams (faltering)  
Up until now, the tougher things got, the closer  
you and I always were. I've got a hunch we're in  
a big deal here. No way of knowing how it will  
turn out but I sure wish...

Farman is looking at him now in affectionate amusement.

72  
CONT'D  
(3)

Farman

Relax, Skipper. She knows, and I know, and you sure enough ought to know that she picked the best man for herself.

(suddenly grinning)

I'll settle for being Best Man -- at your wedding.

Adams (as they warmly shake hands)

That's great, Jerry!

During this, the Doc has stood looking happily from one to the other. Now he thrusts his face between them.

Doc

Any room in there for a bald-headed flower girl?

Adams (glancing at the grenades)

Those things aren't orange blossoms! Now get rid of them before you blow a piece out of the ship -- and that's an order.

Doc (moving off, disgruntled)  
Always a non-combatant, never a hero!

Adams (back to business)

Let's have that bull-horn.

Farman hands him the loudspeaker megaphone which hangs on the handrail.

Adams (through bull-horn)

Attention. This could be an all night watch. For the next two hours odd numbers will try to catch some sleep right in their places. Even numbers stay alert. That is all.

As he puts down the bull-horn, glances at his wristwatch, PULL DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT-- WRISTWATCH. It stands at 8:50.

LAP DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT - WRISTWATCH STANDING AT 11:15

73

A continuous shrill screaming o.s. PULL BACK INTO FULL SHOT. Everything as before, except that the odd-numbered men are now on Duty. The screaming comes from the ship.

Adams (calling up the stair)  
Cook, keep that chimp quiet.

73  
CONT'D  
(2)

For a moment the Cook appears in the hatch-way, armed with a butcher's cleaver.

Cook (to chimp o.s.)  
Pipe down! Want to get us both the brig?

As screaming stops, the walkie-talkie buzzes.

Adams

Yes, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice

Sir, the radar has picked up something.

Adams (quietly tensing)

Where away?

Bosun's Voice

Northeast by North.

Adams

Moving?

Bosun's Voice

This way, sir -- slowly.

Adams (evenly over bull-horn)

Direct both searchlights Northeast by North.

FLASH REACTION ANGLES -- CREWMEN COMING  
ALERT -- the sleeping even-numbers, waking--  
the searchlights swinging, and their beams  
coming on.

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - ADAMS

74

The Doc, minus grenades, drifts up beside him.

Adams (peering o.s.)

You.see anything out there?

Doc

No.

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE DUNES

75

The searchlight beams sliding uneasily over  
the scrub growth. Nothing animate is visible.

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - DOC AND ADAMS

76

still peering. After several moments they glance at each other.

Adams (over bull-horn)

Attention. This may be a ruse to divert attention from some other portion of the perimeter. You men will continue watching on your own immediate fronts. That is all.

He lays the bull-horn aside, buzzes Bosun.

Adams

Well, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice

It just stopped at the edge of the cleared area.

Adams takes out his field-glasses, peers through them. Beyond the fence in b.g. a stretch of bare sand is visible, brightly floodlighted. Adams lowers the glasses.

Adams (on walkie-talkie)

You're sure you've got a real blip there?

Bosun

Big as a house, sir.

INT. CLOSE SHOT - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

77

Bosun watching lighted radar screen which features a large stationary blip close to camp. Then it stops being stationary.

Bosun (into mike)

It's coming on again.

Adams' Voice

Straight across?

Bosun

It says here.

EXT. MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - ADAMS AND DCC

78

Their backs to CAMERA as they peer toward b.g.

Bosun's Voice  
 About half-way across now, sir.  
 (as the officers glance)  
 Still coming. - - - -  
 (suddenly)  
 Right at the fence, Commander!

78  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

Instantly a section of the fence flares and crackles with electric arcings. The lights flash on and off, and the circuit-breakers begin popping. As the fence glows red--

Farman (entering SHOT)  
 There, skipper! Just like last night!

Adams (over bull-horn)  
 Steady all hands.

Abruptly, the fence stops arcing. The lights shine steady again. Two guards are standing a few yards back from the wires as the glow fades. Suddenly one points down at the sand.

Crewman Strong)  
 The sand is moving!

Crewman Grey (a little shrill)  
 Footsteps!

The two men stand bending forward, fascinated by the approaching footsteps.

BIG STARTLING CLOSEUP - THE DOC

79

veins distended, and face distorted, as he yells madly with all his strength into CAMERA.

Doc  
Skipper! The blasted thing's invisible!

MEDIUM SHOT - CREWMEN GREY AND STRONG

80

Suddenly both are struck to the ground. There is a momentary suggestion of great wounds.

EFFECT ANGLE - FULL SHOT - ARMED CREWMEN

81

staring o.s., stunned into silence.

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Adams (o.s. on bull-horn)  
You can move in, Jerry.

81  
CONT'D  
(2)

MEDIUM PAN SHOT - FARMAN AND HIS SQUAD

82

advancing at the double. They halt. Swinging his automatic weapon through an arc, Farman fires a long burst o.s.

Farman (suddenly)  
There it is, boys! Chop it down!

MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - THE WHOLE SQUAD FIRING

83

In b.g., the shower of tracers is bouncing off an invisible shape which steadily advances.

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

84

Doc (watching o.s.)  
Look -- the tracers!

Adams (barking)  
Jerry! Fall back!

MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - FARMAN AND SQUAD

85

The men falling back, white-faced but still firing. Farman stands his ground, his jaw set in an obstinate snarl as he fires burst after burst at close range. All at once his weapon is batted out of his hand, and o.s. A moment later, Farman's six-foot body is swung fifteen feet into the air, with nothing visible supporting it.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT - FARMAN'S SQUAD STARING  
up o.s. in horror, holding their fire.

86

FLASH MEDIUM SHOT - AT STAIR - DOC AND ADAMS  
staring o.s. in horror like the men. Farman screams o.s.

87

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CLOSE SHOT - FARMAN'S BODY

88

thudding down limply to the sand.

Adams (o.s. on bull-horn)  
Main Battery, fire one. Fire three. Fire four.

FLASH EFFECT ANGLES -- THE BIG DISINTEGRATORS  
going into action with deep howls.

GROUP SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS, DOC AND  
FARMAN'S SQUAD

89

In b.g., where the beams of the disintegrators  
converge with a deafening sound, a fiery  
outline is gradually taking shape. It towers  
vaguely and monstrously upward, now hugely  
bellowing as though bewildered.

GROUP SHOT - AT STAIR

90

All watching o.s. with hopeful, drawn faces.

Adams (on bull-horn)

Pour it on! He don't like it!

Slowly, without realizing it, the Doc clutches  
his head with both hands.

Doc (hoarsely shrieking)

No, Skipper! -- it's still coming!

FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - THE FIERY OUTLINE

91

now advancing again, bent slightly forward  
against the disintegrator beams, as though  
breasting the streams from three fire-hoses.  
Its deep, raging roars dominate everything.

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

92

The Doc sits down suddenly on the bottom step,  
but his face is composed. TRUCK UP INTO  
CLOSE SHOT -- ADAMS -- Looking up steadily  
o.s., he draws his useless blaster, waits,  
sights carefully at close range, and fires.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - KRELL LABORATORY - WALL  
GAUGES

93

The first row and a quarter now registering. The silence is disturbed by a faint sound o.s.-- like the mouthings of the invisible monster in miniature. PAN INTO CLOSE SHOT -- MORBIUS, uneasily asleep in the seat of the library projector. His head has fallen back, and his mouth is open. Soft moans and snoring sounds are being torn out of him.

Alta's Voice (very faint o.s.)  
Father! Father! Where are you?-- Daddy!

As Morbius begins to waken heavily, PAN BACK to the row of gauges. In reverse sequence, they are falling back to zero.

Morbius (suddenly, o.s.)  
Alta!

## MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS

94

Staggering to his feet, as he wakens.

Morbius  
Yes! Yes, dear -- here!

PAN HIM HURRIEDLY out of the laboratory. He starts to close the big lock, but then, hearing Alta's voice again, he hurries on, leaving the laboratory open after him. TRUCK him along the tunnel, and out through his study.

Morbius  
Altaira, here! Where are you?

As he hurries into the living-room, he sees her standing there in her night-dress, frightenedly calling. She bursts into relieved sobs as he crosses to her.

Morbius (embracing her)  
Child! What's the matter! What is it?

Alta (indistinct with weeping)  
I had such a dream!

Morbius (stroking her hair)  
Now, you know dreams can't hurt you!

Alta (still in fear)  
Oh yes! This one --!  
(more quietly)

Alta. (Cont'd)  
There was fire and blood, and some awful thing  
was moving in it! I heard it roar --!

94  
CONT'D  
(2)

(clinging to him)  
Daddy! Please keep him safe! Please -- for  
me!

Morbius

My dear! My dear! There's nothing I wouldn't  
do to save your feelings. But as long as they  
wilfully remain here, I'm completely helpless.  
This thing is beyond my control.

(drawing her across to the open front  
door)

But see for yourself. Their light is still  
there. How peaceful it looks.

As they stand, looking off over the desert --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. MED. SHOT - THE CAMP - THREE BODIES  
COVERED WITH A TARPAULIN

95

The lights are still on. PULL BACK INTO FULL  
SHOT past crewmen talking to each other in  
undertones. PICK UP Adams, the Doc, and the  
Bosun in f.g. All are swcated and haggard.

Adams (low tones)

Get those graves dug, Bosun. Keep the men busy.

Bosun

Aye aye, sir.

Adams (over bull-horn)

Well, men, whatever it was, our main battery sure  
stopped it!

The men in the b.g. stop talking, and glance  
over sullenly sidelong.

Doc (in low tones)

You really believe that, Skipper?

Adams

No. It just went away for some reason. It'll  
be back.

(sitting tirely on bottom step)  
An invisible being that can't be disintegrated by  
nuclear fission!

Doc (puzzled but positive)

No, Skipper. That's a scientific impossibility.

Adams (tiredly impatient)  
Hypnotic illusions don't tear people to pieces.

95  
CONT'D  
(2)

Doc

True enough -- but any organism made of matter dense enough to withstand three billion electron volts would sink of its own weight to the center of this planet.

Adams

You saw it yourself! -- standing right there in the neutron beams!

Doc

That's the point! The creature we saw had to be renewing its own molecules from one micro-second to the next.

Adams

So what's the difference on a practical level?

Doc (looking soberly o.s.)

On a practical level it could mean trouble with the crew -- and here comes your first delegation.

PAN TO INCLUDE a group of the crew advancing reluctantly shoulder-to-shoulder.

Adams (composed)

A Skipper that has crew trouble is either a fool or a weakling.

(glancing up as men arrive)

Well, men?

They halt with precision, come to attention.

Crewman Nichols (embarrassed

but resolute)

Requesting the Commander's leave to present a petition.

Adams

Refused.

(rising, blazing)

Are you guys crazy, or would you like to see your families again? There'll be time to jaw about grievances when that pile is back in shape for a lift-off!

Relief and delight dawn in their faces. They salute, grinning, and hurry off to tell the rest. The Doc stands staring at Adams in surprise and approval.

Doc (mopping his forehead)

Frankly, Skipper, I didn't think you had the good sense to bow to the inevitable.

Adams gives him a faintly mocking sidelong glance.

95  
CONT'D  
(3)

Adams (patiently)

Look, Doc -- installing the drive will keep the men happy while I get a chance to operate.

The Doc's jaw drops slowly. Then he gives a resigned sigh.

Doc

Well, everything seems to be back to normal again -- What do you mean, "operate".

Adams (calling o.s.)

Bosun, I want the tractor.

(then replying to Doc -- PAN TWO-SHOW)  
Regulation 31 stipulates that non-combatants will, when possible, be removed from disaster areas.

Doc (growing grave)

Counting Morbius as a hostile, that seems to leave just exactly one non-combatant.

Adams nods. Doc starts to protest -- checks it.

Doc (sudden vehemence)

All right! But this makes it a gilt-edged priority for one of us to get into that Krell lab for a brain-boost -- if we plan to live, that is!

Adams

You're insubordinate -- but I'll buy that.

They have arrived at tractor, Bosun waiting.

Adams (getting into tractor)

I leave you in command, Bosun. When the ship's operational, do your best to wait it out for me and the Doctor -- but the second that fence starts shorting again, you'll lift off, and report back to Base on conditions in this sector.

Bosun (saluting)

Aye aye, sir!

As tractor drives away o.s. --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - MORBIUS' HOUSE

96

All the windows are dark. PAN DOWN into MEDIUM SHOT-- THE TRACTOR parked among flowering shrubs. Adams and the Doc are getting out.

No lights showing. Adams (quiet-- peering)

Doc  
How do we get in?

Adams  
Blast the front door down if we have to.

PAN as they move stealthily along house-front.

Doc.  
Adams (after some distance)

Sir? Doc

Adams  
In case we make it into the lab, I'll take first go at that brain-boost.  
(as he gets no reply)  
Hear me?

I hear you, sir. Doc (equivocal)

PAN THEM IN across the shadowy patio, and to the front door. They stop suddenly. The door stands slightly ajar. They glance at each other, and then, very cautiously, Adams pushes the door open. Robby stands just inside. His polished body glimmers in the shadows. The glow of his luminous gadgets faintly illuminate their startled expressions.

Robby  
I am monitored to admit no one at this hour.

They exchange glances.

Doc  
That sounded final.

Adams  
Maybe we can reason with him.

His hand starts drifting toward his blaster.

Robby  
My beams are focused on your blasters, gentlemen.

Both together, they snatch their blasters out, point them at Robby, and squeeze off. Nothing happens. They look at each other.

96  
CONT 'D  
(2)

Doc (disgusted)

Neutralized.

They holster their blasters, exchange a wink, and slowly advance with their empty hands. Robby spreads his arms across the doorway.

Doc (drily to Adams)

If you and I still qualify as rational-- which I now doubt-- this nickle-plated bouncer here has a built-in rule against wringing our necks.

Robby

That is true, sir. But I cannot prevent you gentlemen from damaging yourselves against me.

Just as they are about to grapple with him, a pale glimmer appears in the darkness behind Robby, and suddenly Altaira comes up into view. She is wearing her nightdress, with a white shawl about her shoulders.

Alta (whispering)

Let them in, Robby.

Robby does not seem to hear her, though his gadgets become agitated.

Adams

Your father's orders. Move aside, Alta.

Alta

Quiet.

(to Robby-- enunciating carefully)  
Emergency cancellation Limberlock. Clear relays  
D-12,000 to D-18,500.

The gadgets fade out for a moment, then come on again. Robby moves aside. TRUCK Adams and the Doc in quickly.

Alta (embracing Adams)

Why are you here?

TRUCK them into dark living-room in TWO-SHOT.

Adams

We were attacked tonight. Three more men dead.

(stopping)

One of them was Jerry Farman.

Alta gives a wordless exclamation of horror.

Alta (clinging to him)  
What attacked you?

96  
CONT'D  
(3)

Adams (shrugging)  
Just a big outline in the blaster beams.  
(then smiling-- but gripping her wrist)  
Can you explain it?

Alta (gravely meeting his eyes)  
No.

He smiles more gently-- the answer satisfies  
him.

Adams  
Anyway we fought it-- and lost. I think it will be  
back.

Alta is more and more deeply frightened.

Alta  
Then you must leave-- now!

Adams (eagerly)  
With you?

She starts to weep quietly.

Alta  
I can't leave him here! I can't! Without me,  
he'd be like a lost soul!

Adams  
You said you loved me.

Alta  
Please, darling, don't keep tearing at me! You  
must go home to Earth-- tonight! and never come  
back again-- forget all about Altair-4, about me!

Adams stands looking bitterly at her.

Adams  
And get a yellow discharge for leaving a woman  
here, with that thing loose!

Alta  
But I'm immune-- like both my parents-- you know  
that!

Adams  
I know he says you are.

She looks at him desperately. Suddenly,  
with both arms she draws his head down, and  
kisses him long and hard on the mouth.

Alta (releasing him breathlessly)  
Now go, darling! Just go!  
(trying to start him)  
Please! Please, if you love me the least bit-- !

96  
CONT 'D  
(4)

Adams (resisting, desperate)  
Doc, try to talk some sense to this girl! I'm over my head.  
(turning, as he gets no answer)  
Doc!

PAN TO INCLUDE the dark, empty living-room.

Adams (blankly)  
He's gone.....the Robot too.

Alta (calling softly)  
Robby!

They begin peering about into shadowy corners.

Adams (calling guardedly)  
Doc! Lt. Ostrow! Where are you, Doc?

Then he notices the study door standing open.

Adams  
He's gone into the Lab!  
(furiously CROSSING)  
I swear I'll court-martial him for this one! I--

But before he gets there, Robby emerges, carrying the Doc limp in his arms. TRUCK IN with Adams and Alta. The marks of the electrodes are on the Doc's head.

Alta  
The sofa, Robby.

The Robot lays the Doc gently on the sofa.

Adams (kneeling beside him)  
Wise guy-- huh? So you took the brain-boost!

Doc (weakly smiling)  
Wise guy is right!  
(breathing painfully)  
You should see my new mind-- up there in lights-- bigger than his now! Much bigger-- !

His eyes close. He seems to stop breathing.

Adams  
Take it easy, Doc.

Suddenly the Doc struggles to his elbow in desperate urgency.

Doc  
Skipper! The Krell had completed their project!  
No instrumentalities! Creation! The big  
machine-- !

96  
CONT 'D  
(5)

Adams (as Doc falters)  
Come on! Let's have it, Lieutenant!

Doc (gasping)  
But the Krell forgot one thing--

Adams  
Yes? What did they forget?

Doc (a loud hollow whisper)  
Monsters, Skipper! Monsters from the Id-- !

Adams (as Doc collapses)  
Id? What's that!  
(shaking him roughly)  
Come on-- speak up, Ostrow! Talk!

He stops, stares at the Doc frightenedly.  
Tears gather slowly in his eyes, and start  
spilling down his face.

Adams  
Oh Doc-- Doc!

Suddenly all the lights come on. As Adams  
rises, turns, PAN INTO FULL SHOT TO INCLUDE  
Morbius standing in the inner doorway. He  
is looking from Adams to Alta, his face set  
in a frigid smile of mockery.

Morbius (entering slowly)  
How very romantic! Elopement at midnight.  
(cruelly reproachful)  
After all my efforts to protect you!-- after all  
my love-- !

He breaks off with a great start, as he  
catches sight of the Doc's body on the sofa,  
the dark burns of the electrodes on the head.

Morbius  
The idiot! The meddling fool!  
(advancing in venomous fury)  
To suppose that his ape's brain could contain the  
secrets of the Krell-- !

Alta (gently)  
Daddy-- he's dead.

Morbius (thick with anger)  
He was fairly warned, and now he's paid fairly!  
Let him be buried out there with the other victims

Alta stares at him wonderingly for several moments, and slowly her face becomes mature.

96  
CONT'D  
(6)

Alta (softly)  
You wanted me to choose, Father, and I've chosen.  
(turning to Adams)  
I'll go with you now, darling--- forever and for good.

Morbius (shocked out of anger)  
Alta!

Alta (still to Adams)  
Let me get some things-- I'll be right back.

Adams nods, scarcely hearing her as he stands, still looking down at the Doc's dead face, but Morbius takes a step or two after her.

Morbius (scared now)  
Altaira!

She goes out quickly. Adams continues to stand motionless, frowning in vehement concentration. Robby enters, quietly picks up the Doc's body.

Robby  
I'll lay him in the tractor, sir.

Adams (abstracted)  
Thank you, Robby.

As Robby carries the Doc's body o.s. TRUCK IN. Adams' eyes now are darting from side to side in excitement, as his brain fits its puzzle swiftly together.

Morbius (a shaky mutter)  
She must not do this. She must be stopped!

Adams pours a little glass of brandy, hands it to him, and watches him drink it.

Adams (taking glass back)  
Dr. Morbius, what is "the Id"?

Morbius (feebley irritated)  
Leave me alone, young man! My daughter is planning a foolish action. I-- I am sure somehow it cannot be for her advantage! She will be terribly punished--

Adams (gripping, shaking him)  
What is the Id?

Morbius is daunted-- but he tries to recapture some of his mocking dignity.

96

CONT 'D

(7)

Morbius

The Id? An obsolete term, I'm afraid-- once used to describe the most primitive and elementary basis of the subconscious mind.

Adams releases him slowly, his eyes flaring with comprehension.

Adams

Of course! Oh, Doc! Monsters from the subconscious mind.

(impulsively catching Morbius' hands)

Dr. Morbius! The big machine-- 3,000 cubic miles of clystron relays-- enough power for a whole population of creative geniuses! Operated by remote control!-- the electro-magnetic impulses of individual Krell brains!

Morbius petulantly jerks his hands free.

Morbius (frightened and

confused)

But to what purpose?

Adams

In return, this ultimate machine would project solid matter to any point on the planet-- for any purpose, and in any shape or color! Creation, manipulation by mere thought! The Krell had become like Gods.

Slowly, understanding comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (deeply troubled)

Oh yes-- yes! I ought to have known this. Why haven't I seen it all along? Why not?

Adams (watching him)

Even the Krell forgot one deadly danger-- their own subconscious Ids.

Morbius takes this in-- and it appalls him.

Morbius

Ah! The mindless, primitive beast! Yes-- even they must have evolved from that!

Adams

And now those mindless beasts had access to a machine that could never be shut down!

(a shudder in his voice)

A delirious, inexhaustible fountain! The secret devil of every soul on the planet-- all set free at once, with power to loot, and maim, and take revenge, and kill!

Morbius (brokenly)

My poor Krell! After a million years of shining

He stands brooding -- but then suddenly he  
glances at Adams again with sly malice.

96  
CONT'D  
(8)

Morbius

Yes, young man. All very ingenious and convincing -- except for one obvious fallacy.

(softly finger-tapping Adams' chest)

The last Krell died 2,000 centuries ago, but, as we now both know, there is still a living monster at large.

As Adams stares at him in utter incredulity, Alta re-enters, carrying a bundle.

Alta

I'm ready now, darling, if you are.

Adams (eyes still on Morbius)

So your mind refuses to face this.

(shrugging, turning from him)

Well, maybe you'll be happier that way.

He takes Alta's arm, and as she hangs back for a moment, impelled to say goodbye to her father -

Robby's Voice (o.s.)

Morbius -

As he gets no answer, PAN SLIGHTLY, TO INCLUDE him, standing motionless in semi-shadow. His radar antenna is scanning steadily.

Robby

Morbius.

Morbius

Yes?

Robby

Something is approaching from the south-west. It is already quite close.

They stand perfectly motionless, looking into each other's bloodless faces. PAN as they move with a common impulse to the main window. As they peer out over the dark garden, their eyes searching --

Adams

Could Robby be wrong about it?

Morbius

No.

They go on peering out fearfully.

Adams (finally pointing)

REVERSE ANGLE - EXT. LONG SHOT - THE GARDEN

97

In deep b.g. there is a great thrashing among the dark shrubs. Then, unhurriedly, a broad path is beaten out directly toward CAMERA. Suddenly, o.s., Alta screams.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - LIVING ROOM

98

Alta still wildly screaming. Morbius flips the wall-switch, and the steel shutters clang down across the doors and windows. Alta stops screaming. They wait, hardly breathing. After perhaps twenty seconds there is a sound of great claws crossing the flagged terrace outside. Something massive brushes against the shutter, and sniffs loudly at the crack along the bottom. A sound of slobbering -- then silence.

Morbius (sadly)

I'm sorry for you, young man.

Adams

Be sorry for your daughter, Morbius.

Alta's eyes remain fixed sidelong on the shutter.

Alta (a whisper)

It's listening.

Morbius (pitying her)

My dear, you must go to your room.

She does not even hear him. Through it all, Adams has attentively watched Morbius.

Adams

You still can't face the truth!

Morbius (tiredly)

What truth?

Adams (eery and gentle)

Dr. Morbius, that thing out there is -- you!

Morbius does not even take in his meaning for a moment.

Morbius

You're mad with your own guilt! To have come here, where Alta -- loving you! -- will be forced to witness your dismemberment!

Adams (softly)  
You don't really think she's immune now, do you?  
Alta has joined herself with me, soul and body.

98  
CONT'D  
(2)

Alta (exultant)  
Yes -- and whatever comes!

Instantly the beast outside bays aloud, and begins raining terrible blows on the shutter, so that the solid steel shudders and thunders. Morbius stands almost mindless with terror.

Morbius (pawing at Alta)  
Say it's a lie! Shout! Let it hear you out there! Tell it you don't love this man!

Alta (entering Adams' arms)  
Not even if I could!

Under continued great blows, the shutter is now bulging inward. Suddenly it tears like cardboard from top to bottom. The beast's bellowings are right in the room.

Morbius (shrieking)  
Robby! Keep it out! Stop it! Kill it, Robby!

The Robot stands motionless. His gadget lights have gone out.

Adams  
No use!

As he speaks, the torn shutter is wrenched wide open, and huge invisible shoulders begin forcing their way through. Adams grabs Alta and Morbius each by an arm. PAN them running into the study. As they slam and lock the door, it is scored outside from top to bottom by great claws.

Morbius (panting)  
This door is made of heavier steel!

Adams  
Look!

Outside, the beast is moaning with eagerness, working its claws like a terrier at a rat-hole. Already long vertical slits have appeared in the door, with bright steel shavings curling down under the unseen talons.

Morbius (leading the way)  
The laboratory!

As they plunge into the tunnel, the study door is crashed through behind them o.s. TRUCK, the roars echoing close behind. The great circular steel lock swings to only just in time. It's closing completely cuts off every sound outside. The three stand panting in the silence of the laboratory.

98  
CONT'D  
(3)

Morbius

We've escaped!

Adams

Escaped? Didn't your own robot convince you? Your other self outside there cancelled every order you gave.

Morbius (striking at him)

Liar! I am no monster!

Adams (catching his wrists)

All men are monsters in their subconscious minds, Dr. Morbius -- so we have religions and laws.

Morbius

Let me go!

Adams

You've got to listen! -- because we haven't much time.

He forces Morbius down into the seat of the plastic educator.

Adams

Here is where your mind was artificially enlarged. It still lacked the power to work the great machine, but your subconscious had become strong enough.

Morbius (resisting)

Alta! He's viciously and cruelly insane!

Adams (remorseless)

Twenty years ago, when your comrades voted to go back to Earth, you sent out your secret Id to murder them --

(releasing Morbius)

-- not quite knowing it, of course, except maybe in your dreams.

Morbius (too shaken to rise)

What man can remember his own dreams!?

Adams

At least when our ship approached, you remembered enough to warn us away. But when you thought we were threatening your little egomaniac empire here, you sent your monster out again. More murder. More deaths.

Slowly Morbius' scornful smile comes back.

98  
CONT'D  
(4)

Morbius

And now I've done this, too? I'd harm my own child?

(confident and serene)

For nineteen years I have loved Altaira beyond my own soul!

Adams (pitying him)

I think you have. -- But hiding back of that there's still the jealous Neanderthal Old Man. And now he's whistled up his monster again, to punish your daughter for her disloyalty and disobedience.

(turning, looking o.s. toward gauges)

And unless you do something about it very soon, Dr. Morbius, it will be coming right through that door.

Morbius (starting to his feet)

Solid Krell metal, 26 inches thick!

He rushes over to the door, strikes the inner face of it with his open palm -- draws back with a cry.

Morbius (nursing his hand)

I'm burned!

Adams (pointing o.s.)

Yes -- look at the gauges!

PAN TO INCLUDE THE GAUGES. Three entire rows are in action now. At this moment, another whole row flickers into action.

Adams (continuing)

The machine will supply whatever power it needs to come right through that door.

(pointing again)

-- Look now!

PAN back, and TRUCK them in. The center of the door has begun to glow dark red. It brightens steadily during the following.

Adams

Red hot. It will be white hot soon, Morbius. It will soften and run --

For a moment, Morbius' eyes glaze with panic. Then with a great effort he controls himself.

Morbius (pleading with them)

If we are to die here, let there at least be no more reproaches and accusations. We must meet it decently together. Look at me, my dear. Alta,

She stares at him for a moment accusingly, then turns away to Adams. Morbius says incredulously, as though she had struck him.

98  
CONT'D  
(5)

Morbius (brokenly)  
Then it must be true!

As he sits down heavily in the seat of the library recorder, and looks about the laboratory in bewilderment -- FLASH CLOSE SHOTS -- more and more gauges flickering into action -- the steel door entirely white-hot now, its surface starting to melt -- Adams and Alta tensely watching Morbius.

MEDIUM SHOT - NEAR THE DOOR

99

Morbius  
Yes -- I cannot deny it any longer: I am the guiltiest man alive.

Alta (moving toward him)  
You never thought you were harming anyone.

Morbius (checking her)  
Guilty. Guilty. My crime was pride, and that I failed to love my fellow men. And now my punishment is that I cannot even save my own child.

(staring at the door)  
My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to keep it out.

Just as he says this, a hole is punched through the putty-like white-hot metal. Lumps and flakes of it begin to be flung inward as the beast gouges the hole larger, and now the bellows and brayings are deafening again. Very quietly, Adams draws his blaster. Suddenly the whole crouching and monstrous outline is punched through the door, as the beast forces its way in at them with grunts and roars.

CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

100

rising. TRUCK him IN toward the door. In the f.g. of the SHOT Adams' blaster accompanies him, pointing steadily at the back of his skull. Morbius stops, stands facing the door with his arms outspread.

Morbius  
Stop! No further! I command you to go back!

Now between him and the shattered door, a towering and bestial outline is swiftly taking visible shape. As Adams' blaster is slowly lowered o.s. --

100  
CONT'D  
(2)

HIGH ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

101

arms still outspread, looking up into the CAMERA as though into the monster's face, and recognizing himself there with loathing.

CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS) - MORBIUS WITH HIS BACK TOWARD CAMERA, AND THE MONSTER TOWERING OVER HIM AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER AT LAST.

102

Simply the briefest flash of the thing as it stands now fully visible in all its hair and horror -- the dull pig eyes, the small drooping ears, the vampire snout, the gaping jaws of nightmare. Then, as it sweeps Morbius into its embrace, sinks its claws --

TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

103

forgetting even each other as they stare up insanely o.s. All at once, the bellowings gurgle off into silence. As Alta cries out, darts forward, PAN to Morbius slumping to the floor. He is dying, but physically unmarked -- and the monster is gone for good. As they kneel beside Morbius --

CLOSE SHOT - THE WALL GAUGES

104

flickering in reverse sequence back to zero.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT

105

Alta has Morbius' head in her lap now. Adams is trying to feel his pulse. As Alta's tears begin falling on her father's face --

Morbius (opening his eyes)  
Altaira! Forgive me the wrongs of my love --  
(looking at Adams)

You would have shot me, Commander -- and you would have been right.

Continued.

Morbius (continued)  
 (smiling weakly from one to the other)  
 Love each other.  
 (closing his eyes)  
 Love all men.

105  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

He lies for a moment as though dead. Then suddenly his eyes flash wide again in fear.

Morbius (a desperate whisper)  
 Commander! I beg you! One thing --

Adams  
 Of course, sir!

Morbius is pointing at a small switch-box beside the archway in the wall of gauges.

Morbius  
 There! Break the seal, Commander! Throw that switch!

Thinking only of complying with a dying man's request, Adams crosses quickly, smashes the little plastic switch-box, and throws the small switch inside. Unutterable relief comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (faint and dying)  
 In twenty-four hours you must be a hundred million miles out in space. The Krell furnaces -- chain-reaction --

(suddenly loud and clear).  
It cannot be reversed!

As he falls back, and lies still -

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACESHIP  
 IN FLIGHT AMONG THE STARS

106

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - THE BRIDGE

107

Adams at the controls, Alta beside him.

Adams (checking meters, etc.)  
 Ninety-eight million, point six. We're clear now.  
 (glancing o.s.)  
 What an astrogator!

PAN slightly to INCLUDE Robby at the computers.

Robby (modestly)  
It's a real pleasure, sir.

107  
CONT'D  
(2)

Adams  
Activate tail-scope.

Robby obeys. The scope comes on, with a single star blazing at the center of it.

Adams (to Alta)  
Altair-<sup>14</sup> is that bright speck below the star.  
(consulting chronometer)

Fifteen seconds to go.

(as her hand flies to her mouth)  
Yes, Alta -- your father, my shipmates, all the knowledge of the Krell.

(counting with chronometer)  
Five seconds -- four -- three -- two -- one.

A blinding white dot blossoms out on the tailscope. It grows swiftly until it blots out the star, and all the visible sky.

Adams (quietly)  
Vaporized. The astronomers will be recording another nova.

Suddenly Alta turns to him, starts to weep. He puts his arm around her, strokes her hair as her father had done.

Adams  
Alta, nothing is ever really lost. There's a ladder that reaches from the primeval slime up to the stars, and beyond. In about a million years the human race will have climbed up to that rung where the Krell stood in their great moment of triumph and disaster. And then your father's name will stand like a milestone in the galaxy -- warning Man to remember that he is after all not a god.

Slowly, she looks up at him, starts to smile.

Adams (into inter-com)  
Bosun, front and center.

Bosun's Voice  
Aye aye, sir.

Robby  
A-C point to enter hyperdrive in precisely twelve minutes, sir.

Adams (kissing Alta)  
You're telling me!

9-3-54

P.111

Adams (speaking rapidly)  
As Commander here, I am authorized under  
regulation 44 to delegate any portion or portions  
of my authority to another officer in an  
emergency. This is an emergency. I provision-  
ally commission you, and appoint you Acting Captain  
of this ship.

107  
CONT'D  
(3)

(handing Bosun open space manual --  
indicating place with his thumb)

Start reading aloud right there.

Bosun (dazzled but obedient)  
Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in  
the sight of God and in the presence of this  
company --

As Adams takes Altaira's hand --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE STARRY UNIVERSE

108

FADE OUT.

THE END